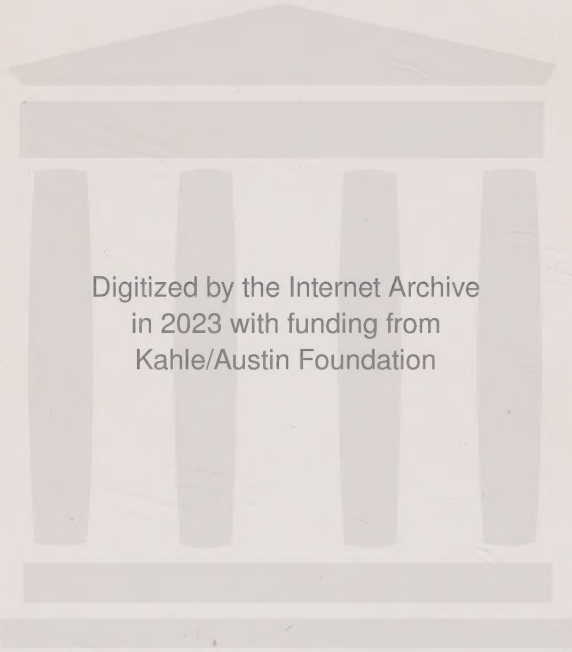


• AMONG THE •
GREAT MASTERS
• OF PAINTING •









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AMONG THE
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AMONG
THE GREAT MASTERS

By
Walter Rowlands

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*Michael Angelo Reading his Sonnets to Vittoria
Colonna*

From painting by Hermann Schneider



Boston

Little, Brown & Company

Publishers

Among the Great
Masters of Painting

Scenes in the Lives of Famous Painters

*Thirty-two Reproductions of Famous Paintings
with Text by*

Walter Rowlands



Boston
Dana Estes & Company
Publishers

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Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

To My Wife

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PREFACE

THE compiler's thanks are due to the publishers of *Lippincott's Magazine* for permission to use a portion of Olive Logan's article on Carpeaux which appeared in that periodical ; also to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the use of a selection from Mrs. Mary C. Robbins's translation of Fromentin's paper on Paul Potter in his "*Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*," published by them under the title of "The Old Masters of Belgium and Holland." The late Mrs. Margaret J. Preston's poem, "Tintoretto's Last Painting," is printed through the kindness of her son, Dr. George J. Preston, of Baltimore.

WE'RE made so that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have
passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;

And so they are better, painted — better to us,

Which is the same thing. Art was given for that.

— BROWNING.

ART is not the bread indeed, but it is the wine of
life.

— JEAN PAUL.

AMONG THE GREAT MASTERS OF PAINTING



PHIDIAS

“YES, rise, fair mount! the bright blue heavens to
kiss,

Stoop not thy pride, august Acropolis!

Thy brow still wears its crown of columns gray,

Beauteous in ruin, stately in decay.

Two thousand years o'er earth have spread their pall,

Not yet, thy boast, Minerva's shrine shall fall:

In spite of rapine, fire and war's red arm,

Enough remains to awe us and to charm;

Glory and Phidias' shade the relic keep,

Shield as they watch, and strengthen as they weep.

The Doric columns, wrought from fairest stone,

Severe but graceful, round the cella thrown,

The lofty front, the frieze where sculptures shine,

The long, long architrave's majestic line,

Dazzle the eye with beauty's rich excess,

O'erpower the mind by too much loveliness.”

— NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Little is actually known of the life of Phidias, but Alma Tadema's picture easily convinces us that thus the great sculptor displayed to his friends and patrons his completed handiwork. Phidias himself, standing within the rope barrier, seems to await the favorable verdict of his illustrious protector, Pericles, who confronts him and has at his side the beautiful Aspasia. The young man at the extreme left seems meant for Alcibiades, who has also accepted an invitation to this private view of the frieze of the Parthenon, seen not as we now behold it in the British Museum, but with its matchless figures glowing with the tints just laid upon it by Phidias and his fellow-workers.

For by this work of Alma Tadema's we are forcibly reminded that the Greeks added color to much of their sculpture. Accustomed as we have been either to the dull whiteness of the antique marble or to the clearer white of the cast, it is with reluctance that we

accept this conclusion, but it appears to be inevitable. Professor Mahaffy says :

“ One cannot but feel that a richly colored temple — pillars of blue and red, gilded friezes and other ornaments on a white marble ground and in white marble framing — must have been a splendid and appropriate background under Grecian skies. . . . But if we imagine all the surfaces and reliefs in the temple colored for architectural richness' sake, we can feel even more strongly, how cold and out of place would be a perfectly colorless statue in a centre of this pattern. For say what we will, the Greeks were certainly, as a nation, the best judges of beauty the world has yet seen. And this is not all. The beauty of which they were evidently most fond was beauty of form, harmony of proportions, symmetry of design. They always hated the tawdry and the extravagant. So with their dress, so with their dwellings. We may be sure that, had the effect of painted statues

and temples been tawdry, there is no people on earth which would have felt it so keenly and disliked it so much."

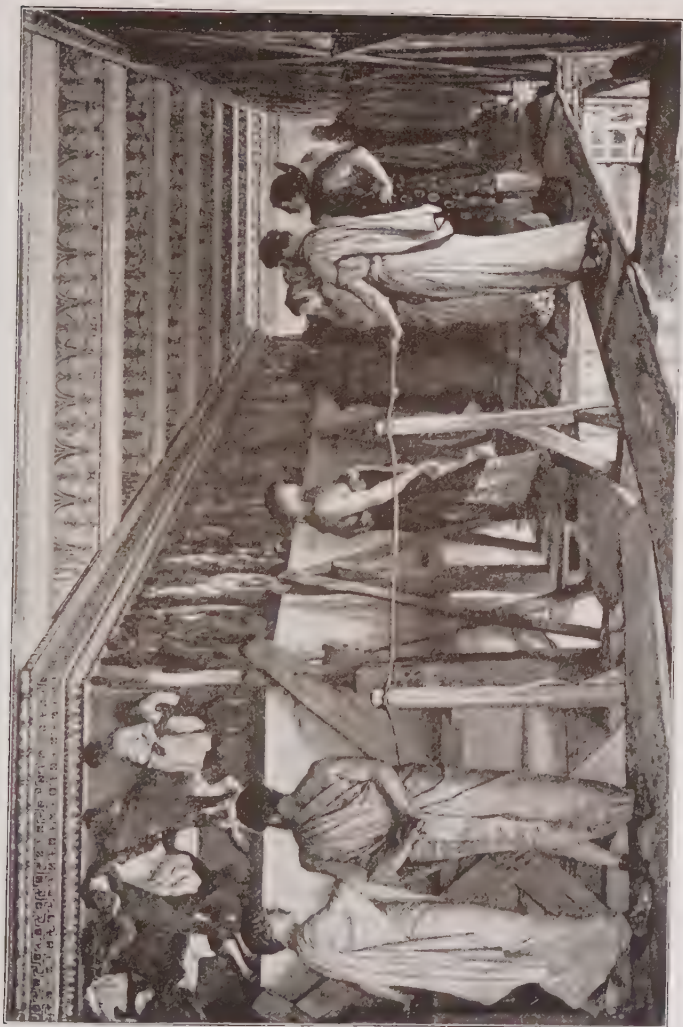
In connection with this, it may be pointed out that the light could only illuminate this frieze from below, and it would be all but impossible to see it properly from the ground. Hamerton says that the Greeks probably looked upon the Parthenon frieze as merely a band of decoration which did not need to be looked at closely.

Phidias, to whose genius is universally credited the sculptures of the Parthenon, though it is impossible that they could all have been formed by his hand alone, has been made the subject of an interesting and suggestive comparison with Michael Angelo by Professor Waldstein. This authority says :

"It is above all to Phidias and his works that Winckelmann's perfect summing up of the attributes of Greek works of art applies,

Phidias

From painting by Lorenz Alma Tadema



‘noble *naïveté* and placid grandeur.’ Coupled with all the grandeur and width is that most striking feature of Greek art, the simplicity which adds to the silent greatness and gives a monumental rest to these gods of stone. It arises from that unreflective, unanalytical, unintrospective attitude of mind which drives it simply to do what it feels and thinks with serene spontaneity of action, without analyzing its own power, not ‘sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.’ On this account Phidias is the type of the plastic mind among all artists and sculptors, and this simplicity and unreflectiveness can best be appreciated when we compare him with Michael Angelo, who, though possessed of the greatness, lacked the simplicity. The thoughts and conceptions of Michael Angelo preceded and ran beyond his active and executive power. This manifests itself not only in his life, not only in the confession of his thoughts in his sonnets, but also in his works. Every

one of them tells us the story of struggle; and though so much is expressed, we feel, what he felt so strongly, how much more remains unexpressed, in the labyrinthine recesses of his ever active brain. Frequently his heart failed him at the impotency of his sluggish hands, the work remained unfinished, the hand dropped with disgust and depression at the sight of the inane gulf that lies between the thinking and feeling, and the doing and creating. His greatness then sought an outlet in numerous spheres of thought and action separately followed and intermingled. When sculpture failed to express all that he felt, he called to aid the pictorial element, with which he transfused his plastic works, and when painting was too weak, he strengthened his pictures with plastic forms, spreading over all his works a dim veil of deep thought and solemn poetry. Of this the works of Phidias have nothing. Grand or sublime or awful as they may be, they are ever serene, they have

coupled with all their greatness the truly Greek element of grace, in which the works of Michael Angelo are sometimes wanting."

The many canvases produced by the illustrious Tadema include several dealing, like the "Phidias," with episodes of artist life. "Antistius Labeon," a Roman amateur, showing some of his productions to friends, is one; "The Sculptor's Model" another; a third is "Architecture in Ancient Rome;" and there still remain the "Visit to the Studio" and "The Sculptor;" while not greatly differing in theme from these are the famous "Picture Gallery" and "Sculpture Gallery." Although some of the artist's earlier pictures are of scenes from Merovingian history, his talent has mostly occupied itself in reproducing the life of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome. The land of the Pharaohs suggested "The Death of the First Born" and "The Mummy;" from Hellas came "Sappho" and "The Pyrrhic

Dance;" and the Imperial City contributed "A Roman Emperor" and "An Audience at Agrippa's."

No less than six pictures by this artist are in the famous Walters collection in Baltimore, and they include the "Sappho" and the "Roman Emperor." Mr. Henry G. Marquand, of New York, owns Alma Tadema's "Reading from Homer."

Leaving his native Holland in 1870, Alma Tadema, then about thirty-three, went to London, which city has since been his home, and where he lives with his English wife (herself a talented artist), in a superbly beautiful house built and decorated from his own designs. Elected a Royal Academician years ago, and knighted by Queen Victoria in 1899, he enjoys many other honors, which the painter of "Phidias" has worthily won.

PAUSIAS

AN English poet, John Addington Symonds, has put into the mouth of Polygnotus, the Grecian artist, in a dialogue held with Theron of Agrigentum, words which proclaim that Art is Love. Whereupon asks Theron :

“‘Love,’ sayest thou? Love who from the clash of things

Created order, or that laughing boy
Who sleeps on cheeks of maidens and of youths
Drowned in day-dreaming?

Pol. Yea, 'tis Love I mean :

But of his lineage I would have you learn
What poets have kept hidden. They pretend
Love is a god, young, fair, desirable,
Fulfilled of sweetness and self-satisfied,
Treading the smooth paths of luxurious spirits.
Not thus I know him ; for, methinks, he hungers
Full oftentimes and thirsts, yearning to clasp
The softness, tenderness and grace he hath not.
He was begotten, as old prophets tell me,
At the birth feast of Beauty by a slave,

Invention, on a beggar, Poverty ;
 Therefore he serves all fair things, and doth hold
 From his dame nothing, from his father wit
 Whate'er he lacks to win.

Ther. You speak in riddles :
 Not thus have Hesiod and blind Homer sung him.

Pol. Nathless 'tis true: and Art, whereby men
 mould
 Bronze into breathing limbs, or round these lines
 With hues delusive, or join verse to verse,
 Or wed close-married sounds in hymn and chorus,
 Is Love; poor Love that lacks, strong Love that
 conquers ;
 Love like a tempest bending to his will
 The heart and brain and sinews of the maker,
 Who, having nought, seeks all, and hath by seeking.
 Look now: the artist is not soft or young,
 Supple or sleek as girls and athletes are,
 But blind like Homer, like Hephaistos lame.
 True child of Poverty, he feels how scant
 Is the world round him; and he fain would fashion
 A fairer world for his free soul to breathe in.
 The strife between what is and what he covets,
 Stings him to yearning; till his father, Craft,
 Cries — stretch thy hand forth, take thy fill, and
 furnish
 Thy craving soul with all for which she clamors.

Ther. Is it so easy then to win the prize
You artists play for? I, a king, find Love
A hard taskmaster.

Pol. Ay, and so is Art.

Many a painter through the long night-watches
Till frozen day-spring hath lain tired with waiting
At his dream's doorstep, watering the porch
With tears, suspending rose wreaths from the lintel,
Thrice blest if but the form he woos be willing
To kiss his cold lips in the blush of morning.
And though that kiss be given, even then,
'Mid that supreme beatitude, there lingers
An aching want — a sense of something missed —
Secluded, cloud-involved, and unattained —
The melody that neither flute nor lyre,
Through breath of maidens or sharp smitten strings,
Hath rendered. See how Art is like to Love!
For lovers, though they mingle, though close lips
To lips be wedded, hair with streaming hair
And limb with straining limb be interwoven,
Yet are their souls divided; yet their flesh
Aches separate and unassuaged, desiring
What none shall win, that supreme touch whereby
Of two be made one being. Even so
In art we clasp the shape imperishable
Of beauty, clasp and kiss and cling and quiver;
While, far withdrawn, the final full fruition,

The melting of our spirit in the shape
She woos, still waits : — a want no words can fathom.
Thus Art is Love. And, prithee, when was lover
Or artist owner of fat lands and rent?
Poor are they both and prodigal ; yet mighty ;
And both must suffer. — I have heard, O King,
The pearls your mistress wears upon her sleeve,
Are but the product of an oyster's pain.
Between its two great shells the creature lies
Storing up strength and careless, till a thorn
Driven by deft fingers, probes the hinge that joins
Well-fitting wall to wall ; the poor fish pines,
Writhes, pours thin ichor forth, and well-nigh drains
His substance : when at last the wound is healed,
A pearl lurks glistening in the piercèd shell.
See now your artist : were there no quick pain,
How should the life-blood of his heart be given
To make those pearls called poems, pictures, statues?
Ther. Are lovers oysters then as well as artists?
Nay, prithee, brook the jest ! I take your meaning."

Pausias, an eminent painter who flourished nearly coeval with Polygnotus, lived and worked in Sicyon, the capital of the most ancient kingdom of Greece, several hundred years before our era. He is said to have

Pausias and Glycera
From painting by L. Scifoni



become enamored of Glycera, a beautiful maiden of Sicyon, while painting a picture of her occupied in making garlands of flowers :

“ . . . herself a fairer flower.”

Human nature being always the same, it is not strange that, from the time of Pausias to our own day, instances of artists who fell in love with their fair sitters should be far from uncommon.

We are told that Filippo Lippi, the Florentine painter, while at work in the convent of Sta. Margharita at Prato, conceived an ardent passion for a young novice, Lucrezia Buti, whose fair features were serving him as a model for the face of a Madonna he was limning, and carried her off with him.

A still greater artist, — one of the most illustrious, indeed, of all, — Leonardo da Vinci, is credited by some historians of art with a deep and lasting love for Monna Lisa, the beautiful Florentine, whose marvellous

portrait (painted for the lady's husband, but never delivered to him) enriches the Louvre. It is certain that Leonardo, like Michael Angelo, never married. Was it because the woman he adored was wedded to another?

Passing from the time of the Renaissance to our own day, we are reminded of the painter-poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In 1851 he became acquainted with a beautiful girl, Miss Elizabeth Siddall, who was afterward the model for some of his most famous pictures, and whose type of face he never ceased to reproduce. The painter and his model became engaged, and, in 1860, were married, but their life together was destined to be brief, as Mrs. Rossetti died early in 1862, and her grief-stricken husband buried his unpublished poems in her grave.

CIMABUE

WHEN the late Lord Leighton was about eighteen years old, he painted a picture of Cimabue finding Giotto at the moment when the young shepherd was busy drawing one of his flock with a sharp stone on a smooth slab of rock.

For both these two painters Leighton had a great admiration, and not long after the exhibition of the above-mentioned picture, he projected his "Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence." Leighton took the incident of the picture from Vasari, who says :

"Cimabue afterward painted the picture of the Virgin for the church of Santa Maria Novella, where it is suspended on high, between the chapel of the Rucellai family and that of Bardi, of Vernio. This picture is of larger size than any figure that had been

painted down to those times ; and the angels surrounding it made it evident that, although Cimabue still retained the Greek manner, he was, nevertheless, gradually approaching the mode of outline and general method of modern times. Thus it happened that this work was an object of so much admiration to the people of that day — they having then never seen anything better — that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church, he himself being highly rewarded and honored for it."

This was painted in Rome, where young Leighton was a favorite in the distinguished circle of his countrymen, which included Thackeray and the Brownings. Thackeray, who watched the progress of the "Cimabue," was so impressed by it that he said to Mil-lais, "My boy, I have met in Rome a versatile young dog, called Leighton, who will one of these days run you hard for the president-

ship." This picture, the first one exhibited at the Royal Academy by Leighton, was shown there in 1855, and won instant success, Queen Victoria purchasing it for £600. George Aitchison, Leighton's old friend, and the architect of his beautiful house, says that the young painter, always generous, gave commissions to all of his poor artist friends in Rome with the money received for the "Cimabue."

Ruskin's criticism of the picture is of interest. He wrote: "This is a very important and very beautiful picture. It has both sincerity and grace, and is painted on the purest principles of Venetian art, — that is to say, on the calm acceptance of the whole of nature, small and great, as, in its place, deserving of faithful rendering. The great secret of the Venetians was their simplicity. They were great colorists, not because they had peculiar secrets about oil and color, but because when they saw a thing red they

painted it red, and when they saw it distinctly they painted it distinctly. In all Paul Veronese's pictures the lace borders of the table-cloths or fringes of the dresses are painted with just as much care as the faces of the principal figures ; and the reader may rest assured that in all great art it is so. Everything in it is done as well as it can be done. Thus, in the picture before us, in the background is the church of San Miniato, strictly accurate in detail ; on the top of the wall are oleanders and pinks, as carefully painted as the church ; the architecture of the shrine on the wall is well studied from thirteenth-century Gothic, and painted with as much care as the pinks ; the dresses of the figures, very beautifully designed, are painted with as much care as the faces ; that is to say, all things throughout with as much care as the painter could bestow. The painting before us has been objected to because it seems broken to bits. Precisely the same

*Cimabue's Madonna Carried in Procession through
the Streets of Florence*

From painting by Sir Frederic Leighton



objection would hold, and in very nearly the same degree, against the best work of the Venetians. All faithful colorists' work in figure-painting has a look of sharp separation between part and part. Although, however, in common with all other work of its class, it is marked by these sharp divisions, there is no confusion in its arrangement. The principal figure is nobly principal, not by extraordinary light, but by its own pure whiteness, and both the master and young Giotto attract full regard by distinction of form and face. The features of the boy are carefully studied, and are, indeed, what, from the existing portraits of him, we know those of Giotto must have been in his youth.

“The background of Cimabue's ‘Madonna’ represents the hills of Florence, and in front of them stretches a wall, which serves to throw into relief the procession passing before it. In the left-hand corner (as we look at it) is a group of Florentines of all ages,

dressed in colors sufficiently subdued not to distract the eye from the central and important part of the picture. Behind them walks Cimabue himself, clad in white, with a wreath surmounting the curious kind of white peaked cap then worn, and leading by the hand his pupil Giotto, who, we cannot help thinking, must have looked very young for his years. The boy, with a tight-fitting garment of dark purple, does not seem to appreciate the post of honor that he holds, for he is hanging back, as if he would fain join some kindred spirits in the crowd, and go to play. Behind comes what we may call the bier, covered in white, with a beautifully painted piece of color, of which red is the predominating hue, to the front. This is added to break the line between the white of the bier and the dress of Cimabue. Above is the picture of the Madonna, seen, of course, sideways, or in profile, by the spectator, but the perspective and treatment

of which is absolutely perfect; it hangs a little forward from a gold frame, and has a gold background of its own. On this is painted the Virgin in blue, holding in her lap the Child, who is in red. From the size of the picture, the angels, who made such an impression on the Florentines, are not visible. The picture is kept in its place by men, who hold the cords attached to it. The man in the front nearest Giotto is clad in cream tints, which blend, on the one hand, into the white of Cimabue, and on the other into the splendid saffron robes of the man next him, whose head is covered with drapery of a deeper shade of orange. The third man, immediately to the front of the bier, is in yellowy red. A little more in the foreground stand some boys, who always form the indispensable part of every procession, and near them a man in a gorgeous scarlet robe, with a loose drapery of purple over it. . . . The Madonna is followed by a band of con-

temporary artists, anxious to do honor to the greatest among them. Among these are Simone Memmi, Gaddo Gaddi, Nicola Pisano, Buffalmacco, and Arnolfo di Lapo. Between them and the wall under the hills is the Gonfaloniere of Florence, mounted on a very finely painted gray horse, and clothed in blue and scarlet, with an ermine tippet over his shoulders; red vines cluster the wall above over his head, and the glow of color about all this part of the picture contrasts strongly with the quiet gray figure of Dante leaning against a tree, and looking on with the sardonic and wondering gaze of the man who had been in hell."

Sir Frederic (afterward Lord) Leighton died in the first month of 1896, aged sixty-five years, having been president of the Royal Academy since 1878, and was succeeded in that office by Millais. One of the most industrious of painters, Leighton left behind him a long list of works, from among which may

be selected for mention, "Dante Going Forth into Exile," "The Death of Brunelleschi," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Wedded" (in the Art Gallery at Sydney, N. S. W.), "Summer Moon," "Hercules Wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis," "The Daphnephoria," "Elijah in the Wilderness" (owned by the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool); "Phryne at Eleusis," "Captive Andromache," "Cymon and Iphigenia," "Perseus and Andromeda," "The Garden of the Hesperides," and "The Bath of Psyche." The last-named picture belongs to the British nation, as does also the artist's statue of "The Athlete Wrestling with a Python." Leighton's frescoes include "The Arts of Peace" and "The Arts of War," at the South Kensington Museum; "Phœnicians Bartering with Ancient Britons," in the Royal Exchange; and the decorations of the music-room in the house of Mr. Henry G. Marquand in New York.

FRA ANGELICO

UNLIKE Cimabue, who lies in Florence, the city of his birth, the "Angelical Painter" rests in Rome, far from the mountain hamlet of Vicchio, where, less than a score of miles from the "City of the Lilies," he first saw the light. Beneath the high altar of the church of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, lies the greatest of the sisters of St. Dominic — St. Catherine of Siena, who died only seven years before Fra Angelico was born, whom he has several times portrayed, and near her tomb he sleeps. The inscription over his remains, unlike many epitaphs, does not lie. It was composed by Pope Nicholas V., for whose chapel in the Vatican Angelico painted some of his latest and finest works.

Professor Norton has thus translated it :

~ Not mine be the praise that I was as a second
Apelles,

But that I gave all my gains to thine, O Christ!

One work is for the earth, another for heaven,

The city, the Flower of Tuscany, bore me — John."

But though buried in the Eternal City, "he lives," as Mrs. Oliphant says, "in Florence, within the walls he loved, in the cells he filled full of beauty and pensive celestial grace, and which now are dedicated to him, and hold his memory fresh as in a shrine."

The blessed painter, whose life and art were worthy of each other, is set before us with a loving touch by Vasari, who says:

"Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole . . . was no less preëminent as a painter and miniaturist than as a religious. . . . He might, indeed, had he so chosen, have lived in the world in the greatest comfort, and, beyond what he himself already possessed, gained whatsoever he wanted more, by the practice of those arts of which, whilst still a young man, he was already a master; but he chose

instead, being well-disposed and pious by nature, for his greater contentment and peace of mind, and above all for the salvation of his soul, to enter the order of Preachers. . . . Rightly, indeed, was he called 'Angelico,' for he gave his whole life to God's service, and to the doing of good works for mankind and for his neighbor. . . . He was entirely free from guile, and holy in all his acts. . . . He kept himself unspotted from the world, and living in purity and holiness, he was so much the friend of the poor, that I think his soul is now in heaven.

"He labored assiduously at painting, but he never cared to work at any but sacred subjects. Rich, indeed, he might have been, yet for riches he took no thought. He was wont to say that true riches consist in being content with little. He might have borne rule over many, but he did not choose to do so, believing that he who obeys has fewer cares, and is less likely to go astray. It was

The Sleep of Fra Angelico
From painting by Albert Maignan



in his power, too, to have held high place, both within his order and without it; but he cared nothing for such honors, affirming that he sought no other dignity than the avoidance of hell and the attainment of paradise. And, in truth, what dignity can compare with that which not only religious but all men ought to strive after, namely, that which is to be found in God alone and in a virtuous order of life. . . .

“Fra Angelico was of a most humane and temperate disposition, and living in chastity, he did not become entangled in the world’s snares. In fact, he used often to say that he who practised art had need of quiet, and of a life free from care, and that he who had to do with the things of Christ ought to live with Christ. He was never seen to show anger toward any of his brethren, . . . and when he did admonish a friend, he was accustomed to do so gently and with a smiling face. And to those who wished him to work

for them, he would reply with the utmost good-will, that if they could come to terms with the prior, he would not fail them. In a word, this friar, who can never be too much praised, was most humble and modest in every word and work, and in his pictures showed both genius and piety. The saints that he painted have more of the aspect and character of saintship than any others.

“It was his custom never to retouch or repaint any of his works, but to leave them always just as they were when finished the first time; for he believed, as he himself said, that such was the will of God. It is said, indeed, that Fra Giovanni never took a brush in his hand until he had first offered a prayer; nor did he paint a ‘Crucifixion’ without tears streaming down his cheeks. And both in the faces and attitudes of his figures it is easy to find proof of his sincere and deep devotion to the religion of Christ.”

Three centuries after this tender tribute

was published, a French Dominican, Edmund Cartier, wrote a reverent and highly sympathetic life of Fra Angelico (since translated into English), which is of great interest and value. In it Cartier quotes some of the praises showered upon the painter-monk, among which are mentioned the poetical tribute of the painter Giovanni Santi, Raphael's father; together with encomiums from the pens of the Jesuit Lanzi, of August Schlegel, of Seroux d'Agincourt, of Rio, and of Montalembert. Here is one of Cartier's own eulogies of the "Angelical Painter." He says:

"The talent of Beato Angelico was the ornament of his virtue. He knew not the ambition which lengthens the watchings of the artist, and makes him purchase success so painfully. To him labor was without sorrow. He cultivated painting as Adam did the earthly paradise; his pictures were the flowers God produced in his soul, and he let them grow in all their freedom, fearing to

mar the Master's work by a knowing culture. Vasari tells us he never would alter his compositions, because he looked on his inspirations as favors from heaven. The least desire of glory never disturbed his heart: he would make God praised. To what good shall we subscribe his works? Should a mirror arrogate to itself the rays it reflects? He did not intend to make new compositions. When an image satisfied his piety, why should he not have repeated it, like the prayers we love to say again? Why not imitate the old masters when we have no hope to surpass them? Beato Angelico thought only of loving our Lord and the saints, and of making them loved. He sought the kingdom of heaven before all, and the rest was added unto him."

Cartier would have found no difficulty in believing the legend, illustrated in Maignan's picture, which declares that the works of Fra Angelico often received miraculous touches from heavenly visitants during the painter's

absence, or when, weary from his labor, he fell asleep at his well-loved task. We may be pardoned for thinking M. Maignan's figure of the sleeping Angelico more impressive than that of the angel, the model for whom the artist would have done well to take from some work of the blessed painter of Fiesole.

HUGO VAN DER GOES

IN the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova at Florence, founded by Folco Portinari, the father of Dante's Beatrice, is preserved a large altar-piece by Hugo Van der Goes.

Tommaso Portinari, agent at Bruges for the house of the Medici and the most influential foreigner in that Flemish trading city, cherished a warm affection for his native Florence, and, among other generous acts, presented this votive picture to the hospital. It is in three sections, the central panel representing the adoration of the infant Christ by the Virgin

Mary, Joseph, and three shepherds, and a numerous company of angels. The left wing of the picture shows the donor, behind whom are his two boys, with St. Anthony and St. Thomas; and the right wing presents his wife and daughter with their patron saints, Margaret and Magdalen.

Of all the works produced by this able but unfamiliar painter, the St. Maria Nuova altarpiece, which is mentioned by Vasari, is the only authenticated one remaining.

Conway says of this triptych :

“This picture of Master Hugo’s would be of untold value for one thing alone, even if it possessed no other virtues: it is the first picture that really makes us acquainted with the mediæval peasantry. Nothing is more obvious than that the three shepherds are drawn from life. They are no ideal shepherds; their horny hands, rough features, and gaping mouths, are proofs of a perfect veracity. The three men in this Nativity, or at all events two

of them, are not creations issuing from the moral consciousness of any one. They are reflections of actual persons. Their bent figures tell of their laboring battle with the earth. Their hardened faces have been beaten into that rugged form by nights of exposure, frost, and storm. Whilst the world was going along in its noisy fashion with wars and revolutions, setting up of kings, political intrigues, and tremblings of hope and fear in the hearts of conspicuous but now for the most part forgotten men, peasants such as these were the real heat that kept the whole surface bubbling on the go. But for their careless and continuous labor, kings and feudal systems would have faded in a few days. Yet they are as unrecorded and unobserved (except for some tyrannous statute of laborers or another) as if the fine gentry, the monks, and the merchants had really been the life at the heart of the whole body politic. Among the mul-

titude of Golden Fleece heroes, Hanseatic merchants, lords, counts, dukes, and popes, whose likenesses we possess, whose sayings we can know if we care to hunt them up, whose manner of living is recorded in minute detail, these three old shepherds are the only representatives of the far larger and more important body of silent sufferers and silent workers who kept the world a-going."

Van der Goes, probably born at Ghent about 1405, and a pupil of the Van Eycks, appears to have labored mostly in that city and at Bruges. At one time in his life he was afflicted with attacks of insanity, — caused, according to one account, by an unrequited love, according to another, by religious melancholy, — and retired to a monastery in or near Brussels. One of his fellow monks has left the following account of this episode in the artist's life.

He says: "I was a novice when Van der Goes entered the convent. He was so famous

The Madness of Hugo van der Goes

From painting by Emile Wauters



as a painter that men said his like was not to be found this side of the Alps. In his worldly days he did not belong to the upper classes ; nevertheless, after his reception into the convent, and during his novitiate, the prior permitted him many relaxations more suggestive of worldly pleasure than of penance and humiliation, and thus awakened jealousy in many of our brothers. Frequently noble lords, and amongst others the Archduke Maximilian, came to visit him and admire his pictures. At their request he received permission to remain and dine with them in the guest-chamber. He was often cast down by attacks of melancholy, especially when he thought of the number of works he still had to finish ; his love of wine, however, was his greatest enemy, and for that at the stranger's table there was no restraint. In the fifth or sixth year after he had taken the habit, he undertook a journey to Cologne with his brother Nicolas and others. On his return

journey he had such an attack of melancholy that he would have laid violent hands on himself had he not been forcibly restrained by his friends. They brought him under restraint to Brussels, and so back to the convent. The prior was called in, and he sought by the sounds of music to lessen Hugo's passion. For a long time all was useless; he suffered under the dread that he was a son of damnation. At length his condition improved. Thenceforward of his own will he gave up the habit of visiting the guest-chamber and took his meals with the lay brothers."

Hugo died in 1482, his insanity having disappeared in the meantime.

The picture of the mad painter which we reproduce was painted by Emile Wauters in 1872, and exhibited at the Brussels Salon, where it made an immediate sensation, and was purchased by the State for the Brussels museum.

Wauters, who is a pupil of Portaels and

Gerome, was born at Brussels in 1846, and has devoted himself to the painting of portraits and of history. The museum of Liège possesses his "Mary of Burgundy entreating the sheriffs of Ghent to pardon her councilors;" while on the staircase of the Brussels Hôtel de Ville may be seen his "Mary of Burgundy swearing to respect the commercial rights of Brussels, 1477," and "The armed citizens of Brussels demanding the charter from Duke John IV. of Brabant." An enormous panorama of "Cairo and the Banks of the Nile," "Sobieski and his Staff at the Siege of Vienna," "Serpent-charmers of Sokko," "The Battle of Hastings," and many other works, attest the talent and the industry of Wauters, whose extraordinary gifts have won him a multiplicity of medals and honors of various kinds.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

LOUIS XII. of France, son of the poet Charles of Orleans, was a friend of art and letters, and his viceroy in Milan, Charles d'Amboise, a highly cultured nobleman who greatly admired the genius of Leonardo, exerted his powerful influence with the French king in favor of the painter of "The Last Supper."

Early, therefore, in 1507, we find Louis sending this letter, addressed "To our very dear and close friends, allies, and confederates, the priors, and perpetual Gonfaloniere of the Signory of Florence."

"Louis, by the grace of God King of France, Duke of Milan, Lord of Genoa, etc. Very dear and close friends:—As we have need of Master Leonardo da Vinci, painter

to your city of Florence, and intend to make him do something for us with his own hand, and as we shall soon, God helping us, be in Milan, we beg you, as affectionately as we can, to be good enough to allow the said Leonardo to work for us such a time as may enable him to carry out the work we intend him to do. And as soon as you receive these letters (we beg you) write to him, and direct that he shall not leave Milan until we arrive there. While he is awaiting us we shall let him know what it is that we desire him to do, but meanwhile write to him in such fashion that he shall by no means leave the said city before our arrival. I have already urged your ambassador to write to you in the same sense. You will do us a great pleasure in acting as we desire. Dear and close friends, may our Lord have you in his keeping. Written from Blois, the 14th day of January, 1507.

“LOUIS.”

A few months after the date of this missive, Louis XII. made a triumphal entry into Milan, and there seems reason to believe that Leonardo had a share in devising some part of the decorations prepared for the occasion. When, two years later, Louis again entered the capital of Lombardy, it is said that Leonardo was appointed master of the ceremonies.

There is no doubt that much pressure was brought to bear upon the artist to induce him to take up his abode in France, but, although some writers incline to assert that he did sojourn there sometime between 1507 and 1510, the balance of testimony is against this supposition.

We know that he undertook certain tasks, both artistic and scientific, for Louis and for his representative, the magnificent Charles d'Amboise. The latter, however, died in 1511 at a comparatively early age, and at the end of the following year the French were

forced to abandon Milan. In 1513 Leonardo left that city for Rome in the suite of Giuliano de' Medici, brother of Pope Leo X., and while sojourning in the Eternal City received several commissions from the Pontiff. Louis XII. died in 1515, and among those who greeted his successor, Francis I., on his entry into Milan as a conqueror after the victory of Marignano, Leonardo appears to have found a place. Nor did the painter ever leave his latest protector.

"Francis I.," says Müntz, "showed his desire to honor the greatness of the master by bestowing a princely revenue upon him, — 700 crowns, about £1,400. This fact is attested by Benvenuto Cellini, who boasted, at a later date, that he had been granted a like sum. But let us leave the great goldsmith and writer to speak for himself. After relating that he has acquired a copy of Leonardo's treatise on the three great arts, he adds that, "as that great man's genius

was as vast as it was varied, and as he had a certain acquaintance with Greek and Latin literature, King Francis, who was violently enamored of his great talents, took so great a delight in hearing him argue, that he only parted from him for a few days in the year, thus preventing him from putting the splendid studies, which he had carried on with so much discipline, to actual use. I must not fail to repeat the words concerning him which I heard from the king's own lips, when he spoke to me, in the presence of the Cardinal of Ferrara, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the King of Navarre. He affirmed that never any man had come into the world who knew so much as Leonardo, and that not only in matters of sculpture, painting, and architecture, for, in addition, he was a great philosopher."

The residence assigned to Leonardo was in the town of Amboise, the cradle of the first colony of artists summoned to France

by Charles VIII., and the favorite dwelling-place of Francis I. A great part of the youth of Francis had been spent there; there, soon after his accession, he had celebrated the betrothal of Renée de Montpensier and the Duke of Lorraine; and there three of his own children had been born.

To the great Italian artist was given the little manor-house of Cloux, standing between the castle and the town of Amboise. This manor-house, now known under the name of Clos-Lucé, has lately been restored. Anatole de Montaiglon says of it: "Leonardo has leaned on the window-sills of the two stories, his feet have trodden the staircase, his step has passed through all the eight large rooms of which the dwelling is composed; and in the quiet house, which has not altered, externally at least, since those days, we can imagine we see him yet." The room in which Leonardo breathed his last is said to be still

existing with its raftered ceiling and its huge hearth.

He often received visits from the great personages who frequented the court of Francis I. In the autumn of 1516 the Cardinal of Aragon visited the painter, attended by his retinue. The cardinal's secretary, Antonio di Beatis, tells us that Leonardo showed the prelate three paintings: a female portrait executed for Giuliano de' Medici, a young St. John the Baptist, and a Madonna with the Child on the lap of St. Anne. "Unfortunately," adds the secretary, "a sort of paralysis, which has affected his right hand, forbids our expecting more good work from him."

Leonardo, however, brought his abilities as an engineer to the service of Francis, and we are told of the plan which he made for digging a canal near Romorantin, to be used both for irrigation and navigation, in addition to other works.

The failing condition of his health at this



The Death of Leonardo da Vinci

From painting by J. A. D. Ingres



time suggested to the master the advisability of making his last arrangements, and a week before his death a notary of Amboise was sent for, and to him Leonardo dictated his will. The original document is lost, but a copy is in existence. It provides that the body of the testator be interred in the church of St. Florentin at Amboise, also for the celebration of numerous masses, and for certain gifts to the poor of the neighborhood. Leonardo's friend and pupil, Francesco Melzi, a young Milanese of noble birth, who had accompanied the painter to France, was made sole executor and given certain sums of money and all of the artist's books, drawings, manuscripts, and instruments. This priceless legacy, thus, luckily, came into the hands of one who rightly appreciated its value to the world, which owes to Melzi the preservation of these precious relics of Leonardo. Other bequests were made to the brothers of the artist and to some old servants.

Vasari says : “ Leonardo, growing old, fell sick for many months, and seeing death draw near, he desired to be carefully instructed concerning the things of our good and holy Christian and Catholic religion, and having made his confession and repented with many tears, he insisted, though he could not stand upright, and had to be supported in the arms of his friends and servants, on leaving his bed to receive the most blessed sacrament. The king, who often went to see him in the most friendly fashion, arrived at this moment ; Leonardo, out of respect, raised himself up in his bed, explained the nature and changes of his illness to him, and told him, further, how much he had offended God and men by not using his talent as he should have done. Just at this moment he was seized with a spasm, the forerunner of death ; the king rose from his seat and took hold of his head to help him, and prove his favor to him, so as to comfort him in his suffering ; but this

divine spirit, recognizing that he could never attain a greater honor, expired in the king's arms, at the age of sixty-seven years, on May 2, 1519."

Much doubt has been cast in later days upon this anecdote, which has been made the subject of several pictures by French artists, but it cannot be said to be absolutely disproved.

"Thus died, full of years and glory, but far from his own land, the mighty genius who had carried the art of painting to its highest perfection, and had penetrated farther into the mysteries of nature than any mortal since the days of Epicurus and Aristotle."

Leonardo was buried in the cloister of the church of St. Florentin, since entirely demolished.

The life of the distinguished painter of the "Death of Leonardo da Vinci" affords a remarkable instance of perseverance and of industry continued through extreme old age.

For Ingres was eighty-six when death overtook him, in Paris, on January 14, 1867. A pupil of David, during his long stay in Rome, both as a student and as director of the French school there, he was much influenced by the works of Raphael. He became the recognized leader of those who followed the classic school in painting as opposed to the romantic, and at the Universal Exhibition in Paris, in 1855, he was awarded a gold medal, though his chief rival, Delacroix, received a like honor.

The Cathedral of Montauban, his native town, contains Ingres's "Vow of Louis XIII.;" the Louvre holds his "Apotheosis of Homer," his "Joan of Arc at the Coronation of Charles VII.," his "Roger Delivering Angelica," his "Œdipus Explaining the Riddle of the Sphinx," and his "La Source" (painted at seventy-five), in addition to several portraits, including one of the composer, Cherubini. From a long list of other pic-

tures, we will select for mention these titles : "The Martyrdom of St. Symphorien," in Autun Cathedral ; "The Sleep of Ossian" and "The Triumph of Romulus," both in the Quirinal Palace at Rome ; "Stratonice," "Francesca da Rimini," "Raphael and the Fornarina," "Virgil Reading the *Æneid* to Augustus and Octavia," the "Virgin of the Host," the "Sistine Chapel," and the "Odalisque with her Slave."

RAPHAEL

THE date of Raphael's arrival in Rome, and who it was that summoned him thither, are alike unknown. It was probably early in 1509 when he began his work in the Eternal City.

Raphael was then about twenty-six years of age, and for so young an artist had produced a large number of important works. Already his hand had called into existence

the "Sposalizio," now in the Brera, at Milan; the Ansidei Madonna of the National Gallery, the "Entombment," which hangs in the Borghese Gallery, the "St. Catherine," also in the National Gallery, the "Knight's Dream," the "Three Graces," the "St. Michael," and two pictures of St. George. Many lovely Madonnas, also, his graceful brush had traced, — among them, the Solly, the Conestabile, the Gran Duca, the Cowper, the Orleans, the Cardellino, and the Bridgewater, nor does this list give all.

Whoever it might have been that influenced Raphael to take up his abode in Rome, it was the Pope, Julius II. who there became his great patron, as he was already the patron of Bramante and of Michael Angelo. Born in 1441 and elevated to the pontificate in 1503, Julius, at the time of Raphael's advent at Rome, was nearing his seventieth year, but his energy showed no symptoms of decay, and his grand projects for the building

of St. Peter's, and the enlargement of the Vatican, were pushed forward with never ceasing vigor.

To Raphael, Julius assigned the decoration of those four rooms in the palace of the Vatican which are now known as the Stanze of Raphael, and where are enshrined those creations of the master's pencil which unquestionably rank foremost among his works, and are rivalled only by the mighty frescoes which the genius of Michael Angelo spread upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Raphael and Michael Angelo labored near each other at Rome for a number of years, yet never seem to have been on terms of much intimacy. Each admired the genius of the other, but such intercourse as took place between them hardly merited the name of friendship. Symonds says: "If they did not understand one another and make friends, this was due to the different conceptions they were framed to take of life, the one being

the exact antipodes to the other." Angelo, less amiable than the younger artist, appears to have been prejudiced against him because he was a pupil of Perugino. Müntz says in reference to this :

"There was nothing the sculptor disliked more than the vapid style of Perugino, and he was also very much opposed to his mercenary ways. He accordingly refused him permission to see some of his pictures (perhaps his famous cartoon), which he did not like showing to any one. Perugino made some severe remark, whereupon Michael Angelo, losing his temper, called him an 'old woman.' So gross an insult was not worth notice, but Perugino would not sit down under it. Twenty years before, he would have waited for Michael Angelo at the corner of the street and have given him a sound thrashing, but he was too old for that, and he perhaps remembered the fine which had been inflicted upon him some time before.



Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Vatican
From painting by Horace Vernet



He accordingly decided to appeal to the tribunals, but he took nothing by it, for he lost his case, and his reputation declined very much in consequence. Soon afterward he went back to Umbria, where no one thought of questioning his merit, and where he was amply compensated for slights inflicted elsewhere. To my mind, the hostility between Michael Angelo and Raphael may well have originated in this quarrel, for the former, hot-tempered as he was, very probably vented on the pupil the ill-will he felt for the master."

Crowe and Cavalcaselle, on the other hand, do not admit the existence of such feeling as Müntz implies. They say :

"In Tuscany, neither Raphael nor Buonarrotti could dispense with the patronage of the rich, to which they both appealed. At Rome they were servants of a pontiff, who employed them both under one roof. Varieties and dissonances, which might have passed

unnoticed in Tuscany, would naturally come out with exceptional force at the Vatican ; because, in the one case, the two men were necessarily thrown together, in the other, they seldom met in friendship or in enmity. Still, at Florence as at Rome, nothing prevented either of them from following his own bent. Raphael might charm those who knew him by a pleasing affability ; Michael Angelo might repel rather than court friendship by rudeness and sarcasm. To such of the public as understood these things, both artists were gifted with extraordinary powers, which only differed from each other in some of their subtler elements. One was all grace ; the other all strength. Two forces, directly equal and contrary, met and neutralized each other. The picture of violent and ceaseless hostility, which tradition has handed down to us as a normal state in which Raphael and Michael Angelo lived, appears to be grossly exaggerated. In all

that we can gather from credible sources, as well from reasoning as from analogy, we find no more than that they were generous rivals. They had nothing to fear from each other. Neither of them could miss the goal for which they equally contended, neither fail to produce those masterpieces which surprised their contemporaries and afterward astonished the world."

And again :

"It may be true that during the progress of the Sistine Chapel and Camere the rivalry of Raphael and Michael Angelo became acute. Yet there is hardly ground for thinking that it was in 1509 that Michael Angelo was threatened with the direct opposition of which Condivi and Vasari speak — the opposition which aimed at substituting Raphael for Michael Angelo in the completion of the Sistine Chapel. One of the principal grounds for thinking that no such opposition was then made is that Buonarotti

continued his labors at the Vatican, whilst Raphael went on painting at the Camere. The Pope, who had easy access to both places, may have compared the pictures of the two painters, and contrasted the beauties of the 'Disputa' with those of the 'Creation' or the 'Deluge;' but as each of the two masters had begun a series of works that required unity of thought as well as of handling to complete them, the anecdotes, of which artistic annals are full, can scarcely apply to the period at which we have now arrived in Raphael's life."

Among the anecdotes which survive concerning the relations between Raphael and Michael Angelo is one which relates that the older artist, encountering Raphael in the courtyard of the Vatican, attended by numerous pupils, sneeringly remarked, "You walk with the retinue of a prince." To this Raphael is supposed to have replied, "And you alone, like an executioner."

It is this episode which furnished Vernet with a subject for the painting which we reproduce. At the top of the picture, to the left, is seen Pope Julius, whose attention, Bramante, plan in hand, seeks to attract toward the fabric of the palace. The Supreme Pontiff, however, motions him aside with a gesture of his hand and fixes his eyes upon Raphael, who, surrounded by several fellow artists, is engaged in sketching a peasant mother and her child, seated amidst other pilgrims to the Eternal City, and forming the centre of a group suggestive of the holy family. In the foreground appears the great Buonarrotti, carrying in his arms a model for one of his sculptured figures, while above Raphael, to the right, may be discerned Leonardo da Vinci (with a long gray beard) speaking to a young artist standing at his side.

The painter of "Raphael in the Vatican" came of an artist family, both his father,

Carle Vernet, and his grandfather, Joseph Vernet, being distinguished painters. Horace Vernet was born at Paris in 1789, and displayed artistic talent in early childhood. During a life of ceaseless industry and ever increasing fame, this artist produced a great number of works, mostly of military subjects. Many of his battle-pictures are to be seen at Versailles, while his "Judith and Holofernes" and "Defence of the Barrier of Clichy" are in the Louvre. Vernet painted many scenes from the campaigns of the French in Algeria, a notable one being the "Taking of the Smalah of Abd-el-Kader in 1843," an enormous canvas, now in the palace of Versailles. He died at Paris, on Jan. 17, 1863.

DÜRER

THE old proverb of the Nurembergers proudly asserted that

“ Nuremberg’s hand
Goes through every land ”

and this was no idle boast, for the free and busy city, which has been well called “the Birmingham of the Middle Ages,” divided with Augsburg the great transcontinental traffic between Venice and the Levant and Northern Europe. The commercial relations of Nuremberg and the City of the Lagoons were especially important, and numerous merchants from the Bavarian city were connected with the Fondaco de’ Tedeschi, or German warehouse, in Venice, and travelled back and forth between the two great centres of commerce.

The main reason, among several, for Dürer’s second visit to Venice, which took

place in 1505 (it appears now to be fairly proven that he had also been there in 1494), is to be found in the project for rebuilding the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, which was burnt down in the winter of the year 1504-05. A few months later the Venetian Senate decided to begin the work of rebuilding the edifice on an enlarged scale, and from the various plans submitted chose those by a countryman of Dürer, one Hieronymus, probably of Augsburg. Professor Thausing, in his authoritative biography of Dürer, says that the two ruling parties in the German colony at Venice were the Augsburg and Nuremberg merchants, and suggests that, in order to avoid undue partiality (the architect selected being an Augsburger), they determined to give Dürer the commission to paint an altar-piece for the church of San Bartolommeo, which was attached to their Fondaco. The picture resulting from this decision was the famous "Feast of the

Rosary" (now in the monastery of Strahow, near Prague), in the background of which the painter has introduced portraits of himself and of his friend, Wilibald Pirkheimer, while behind them may be seen a distant group of buildings, representing the castle of their beloved Nuremberg. Writing to Pirkheimer from Venice, Dürer refers to the picture thus: "I have also silenced the painters, who said that I was a good engraver, but did not know how to manage colors. Now everyone says they never saw more beautiful coloring." Again, he says, "All the artists praise it just as the great people praised you. They say they never saw a more sublime or more lovely picture."

In another letter to Pirkheimer, Dürer writes :

"I wish you were in Venice. There are many fine fellows among the painters, who get more and more friendly with me ; it holds one's heart up. Well brought up folks,

good lute players, skilled pipers and many noble and excellent people, are in the company, all wishing me very well, and being very friendly. On the other hand, here are the falsest, most lying, thievish villains in the whole world, appearing to the unwary the pleasantest possible fellows. I laugh to myself when they try it with me: the fact is, they know their rascality is public, though one says nothing. I have many good friends among the Italians, who warn me not to eat or drink with their painters: for many of them are my enemies, and copy my picture in the church, and others of mine wherever they meet with them; and yet, notwithstanding this, they abuse my works, and say that they are not according to ancient art, and, therefore, not good. But Gian Bellini has praised me highly before several gentlemen, and he wishes to have something of my painting. He came himself, and asked me to do something for him, saying that he would pay me

well for it ; and all the people here tell me what a good man he is, so that I also am greatly inclined to him."

A pleasing story is told of Dürer's intercourse with the aged Bellini :

Bellini, while paying a visit to Dürer, asked, as a special mark of affection, for one of the brushes used by the latter in painting hair. Dürer held out to him a number of ordinary brushes, and told him to choose one, or take them all if he liked. Bellini, thinking Dürer had not understood him, again asked for one of the particular brushes with which, as he thought, Dürer was accustomed to do his fine hair painting. On this Dürer assured him that he used nothing but the ordinary brushes, and, to prove it, painted on the spot a long lock of woman's hair in his peculiar manner. Bellini is said to have acknowledged to several people afterward that he would never have believed it if he had not seen it with his own eyes.

It is somewhat curious that Dürer makes no mention in his letters of either Giorgione or Titian, though he must have met them, as both painters were employed, during Dürer's stay in Venice, in decorating the exterior walls of the Fondaco de' Tedeschi with frescoes.

The popular and industrious artist Carl Becker, in his painting of "Albrecht Dürer in Venice," places before us the handsome Bavarian seated beside old Bellini, who is examining some of Dürer's drawings. Behind them appears Giorgione, who is about to pledge Dürer in a bumper of wine, while Titian replenishes his glass. It is not a matter of wonder that Dürer's words at the thought of returning home and leaving these genial kindred spirits were, "Ah, how I shall shiver for want of the sun. Here I am a gentleman, at home a hanger-on." It seems that Becker has permitted himself some artistic license in representing Titian so mature in

Albrecht Durer in Venice

From painting by Carl Becker



aspect, — in fact, he was only about twenty-eight years old at this period, and the junior of the German painter by several years.

Lavinia, the beautiful daughter of Titian, — so well known to art lovers by her father's portrait of her bearing a dish of fruit, in the Berlin gallery, — stands behind her brother Orazio, who holds up a sketch he has just taken from Dürer's portfolio.

Becker, who died in 1900 at the age of eighty years, was a pupil of Hess and Cornelius, and won many honors in the course of a long life. His "Charles V. Being Entertained by Fugger" is in the National Gallery at Berlin, and "The Emperor Maximilian Crowning Ulrich von Hutten at Augsburg" belongs to the Walraff-Richartz Museum at Cologne. At the Corcoran Gallery in Washington may be seen his painting of "The newly found statue of the Apollo Belvedere viewed by Pope Julius II.," and other works of his are in American galleries, both public

and private. Probably his best-known pictures are "Othello Relating his Adventures to Desdemona and her Father," and "Romeo and Juliet at the Friar's."

CORREGGIO

THE meagre records of Correggio's life do not tell us much of the man who spent his years peacefully at work at Parma, far from the great centres of Italian art, and never, apparently, even visited Rome. The exaggerated tales of his poverty and avarice have been proved unworthy of belief, and we may now feel sure that Correggio knew neither want nor wealth. But the cause of his seemingly sudden death at the early age of forty is still a mystery, nor have we any authentic portrait of the painter of the "Holy Night."

A continuous chorus of praise has been for over three centuries bestowed on Correggio

—from Vasari, who awarded him “the great praise of having attained the highest point of perfection in coloring,” to Ruskin, who said, speaking of the National Gallery, “The two pictures which I would last part with, out of it, would be Titian’s ‘Bacchus’ and Correggio’s ‘Venus.’ ”

Sweetser says : “In the seventeenth century, Correggio’s pictures fascinated all beholders, and the tide of his fame rose higher and higher, especially after the Caracci had aroused an interest by their letters and researches. Said Annibale Caracci : ‘Correggio’s thoughts are his own thoughts, emanating from his own imagination. One sees that they are the offspring of his brain, and that he took nature alone into his councils. Others have ever leaned upon some foreign support, some on models, others on statues and engravings.’ Scanelli calls Correggio, Raphael, and Titian the three greatest painters, saying : ‘He has in reality

reached the zenith of faithful portraiture of nature.' Tassoni enters rhapsody thus: 'Pliny praises the paintings of Apelles, with which those of our master may in some respects be compared, chiefly for their grace, beauty of finish, and charm of color; but no one can quite equal Antonio, who has attained the highest point of perfection in artistic coloring, expression of beauty, and grace.' Still later the ecstatic Scaramuccia says: 'This is the very quintessence of good style. You need not seek further, for here are hidden the costly jewels and all the imaginable essentials of our highly difficult art. You do not need to seek further. Oh, thou spirit of my Antonio of Correggio, what master didst thou have from whom thou couldst have acquired such divine powers?'

"The next century magnified his power still more, if possible, and his fame was spread more widely by travellers returning from Italy to their distant homes in the North and

West, bearing amazing stories of the great paintings at Parma and Modena. Most of these were Frenchmen, with all the vivacious enthusiasm of the Latin race; and even Raphael himself fared hard when compared with the new-found Apelles. A deep interest arose in the course and events of his life, and investigations were made by the highly suspected Pater Resta of Milan; by the Swiss painter, David; by Gherardo Brunorio; by Raphael Mengs, who wrote 'On the Life and Works of Antonio Allegri;' by the Genoese painter, Carlo Giuseppe Ratti, author of a voluminous biography; by Michele Antonioli, who made several fresh discoveries; by Tiraboschi, the learned and accurate librarian of Modena; by Pater Irene Affò, who found the frescoes in the convent of San Paolo, at Parma; and by Pater Luigi Pungileoni, who published three volumes on Correggio, full of the evidences of careful study and analysis.

“The complex criticism of the nineteenth century has been more discriminating and less adulatory. The connoisseurs of the North, of England and Germany, have, in some cases, applied moral rules to his works, and find in them the beginning of the great decadence. With all his undeniable gifts and genius acknowledged, he is charged with having demoralized art by introducing new and less sanctified motives, and thus preparing the way for the degradation which ensued in the next period. The three preceding centuries found fault with his drawing, sometimes, or with his groupings, but had not discovered his loss of spiritual insight.

“Of late years, and especially since Ruskin’s influence has become such a power in art-criticism, there has been much reprehension of the so-called inherent sensuality of Correggio’s pictures. But there is a charming naïveté, an idyllic purity, in his works, which bear evidence that his glorification of the

Correggio Drawing Children
From painting by H. G. Schlesinger



flesh was only a reproduction, original, and not communicated from any study, of the old Greek naturalism, wherein the human body, perfectly developed throughout and full of all life, is still the crown of all beauty, the worthiest theme of art. This is not religion, but it is truth. The tranquillity and purity of Correggio's life bear witness that his works were wrought out from no base mind, but were rather the best efforts of a frank and childlike soul. The tide of pietism, rising in the catacombs and the caves of the Nitrian desert, and everywhere present in Umbrian and Tuscan art and life, had passed its flood, and throughout Europe, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, men were looking at the old problems in a new light, the light of nature and of reason. Insulated as he was amid the dull peasantry of rural Lombardy, Allegri felt the thrill of the rising Renaissance, and ignored asceticism as a dead issue, — painting, in all naturalness and

grace, the joyousness of human life and human instincts."

A legend relates that Titian said of Correggio's frescoes in the Duomo of Parma, "Turn it upside down and fill it with gold; even so, you will not have paid its just price," and Raphael Mengs called it "the most beautiful of all cupolas painted either before or since." Brinton, the latest biographer of Correggio, writes of "that wonderful cathedral cupola, which, with all its faults, is yet the expression of his sincerest utterance: no dream of beauty that poet has conceived can equal that radiant world of angel forms which there surrounds us, those genii who light their torches or scatter incense on the sacrifice, those children who float upward through the golden vaporous clouds: from the grave saints tended by the child angels, from the apostles above and their glad genii, to the uprushing wave of angel forms who soar into the golden haze

of the cupola, it is a cry of 'Sursum corda!' — 'Lift up your hearts!' — that the old painter of heavenly joy has sent us."

Annibale Caracci wrote, "The children of Correggio breathe and smile with such a grace and truth that one cannot refrain from smiling and enjoying one's self with them," and Guido Reni is asserted to have asked a citizen of Modena "if Correggio's *putti* at S. Pietro Martire had grown up and left their places where he had seen them, for so vivid and life-like were they that it was impossible to believe they could remain."

Corrado Ricci, director of the gallery at Parma, says, in his authoritative life of the artist, when speaking of Correggio's children :

"The innumerable cherubs, genii, and children scattered throughout his works are the result of his delight in the pictorial expression of grace and happiness. No other painter has succeeded in rendering these little creatures with such truth of form

and expression, with such a knowledge of their naïve simplicity and pretty grotesqueness of pose, although, after his time, the palaces and churches of half Europe were invaded by laughing infant hordes. John Addington Symonds writes as follows of the *putti* in the cupola of San Giovanni Evangelista: 'Correggio has sprinkled them lavishly like living flowers about his cloudland, because he could not sustain a grave and solemn strain of music, but was forced by his temperament to overlay the melody with roulades. Gazing at these frescoes, the thought came to me that Correggio was like a man listening to sweetest flute playing, and translating phrase after phrase, as they passed through his fancy, into laughing faces, breezy tresses, and rolling mists. Sometimes a grander cadence reached his ear, and then St. Peter with the keys, or St. Augustine of the mighty brow, or the inspired eyes of St. John, took form beneath his pencil. But the

light airs returned, and rose and lily bloomed again for him among the clouds.' ”

Henri Guillaume Schlesinger, whose picture imagines Correggio making sketches of some lovely children, was an artist of German birth who became a naturalized citizen of France. A pupil of the Academy of Vienna, he made his bow at the Paris Salon in 1840, and exhibited many portraits and subject-pictures there during the course of a life which reached to eighty years. His “Five Senses,” shown at the Paris Exposition of 1867, was bought by Napoleon III. Schlesinger died in 1893.

MICHAEL ANGELO

It is said that, being asked by a priest why he had never married, Michael Angelo replied: “I have only too much of a wife in this art of mine. She has always kept me struggling on. My children will be the works

I leave behind me. Even though they are worth naught, yet I shall live awhile in them. Woe to Lorenzo Ghiberti if he had not made the gates of S. Giovanni. His children and grandchildren have sold and squandered the substance that he left. The gates are still in their places."

The only woman with whose name that of Michael Angelo has been connected is Vittoria Colonna, and their affection for each other seems to have been purely of a platonic nature. On her side was admiration for a great artist; on his side, attraction to a noble nature, strengthened by a common love for poetry and a unity of religious sentiment.

Vittoria was about fifteen years younger than the great Angelo, having been born in 1490. Her father was Fabrizio Colonna, Grand Constable of Naples; her mother, Agnesina di Montefeltro, daughter to Federico, Duke of Urbino. Betrothed when a child, Vittoria Colonna was married at nine-

teen to the young Marquis of Pescara, who became a brilliant soldier, but whose career ended in disgrace in 1525. His widow, ignorant of some of his faults, forgiving others, mourned him long and faithfully, and never remarried.

“For death, that breaks the marriage band
In others, only closer pressed
The wedding-ring upon her hand,
And closer locked and barred her breast.”

We do not know when the friendship between her and Michael Angelo began — perhaps about 1538, when the artist was over sixty and the lady nearing fifty years. The only letters extant which he sent to her, and they are but two, belong to the year 1545, when Angelo had reached seventy years. The friends had sent each other poems of their own composition, and Michael Angelo had also executed certain drawings for the lady.

His first epistle to Vittoria is as follows :
“I desired, lady, before I accepted the things which your ladyship has often expressed the will to give me — I desired to produce something for you with my own hand, in order to be as little as possible unworthy of this kindness. I have now come to recognize that the grace of God is not to be bought, and that to keep it waiting is a grievous sin. Therefore I acknowledge my error, and willingly accept your favors. When I possess them, not indeed because I shall have them in my house, but for that I myself shall dwell in them, the place will seem to encircle me with Paradise. For which felicity I shall remain ever more obliged to your ladyship than I am already, if that is possible.

“The bearer of this letter will be Urbino, who lives in my service. Your ladyship may inform him when you would like me to come and see the head you promised to show me.”

The letter was accompanied by this sonnet :

“ Seeking at least to be not all unfit
For thy sublime and boundless courtesy,
My lowly thoughts at first were fain to try
What they could yield for grace so infinite.
But now I know my unassisted wit
Is all too weak to make me soar so high,
For pardon, lady, for this fault I cry,
And wiser still I grow, remembering it.
Yea, well I see what folly 'twere to think
That largess dropped from thee like dew from
heaven
Could e're be paid by work so frail as mine!
To nothingness my art and talent sink ;
He fails who from his mortal stores hath given
A thousandfold to match one gift divine.”

Here is a translation, by Symonds, who also translated those sonnets by the master which are here quoted, of a letter which Vittoria Colonna sent to Michael Angelo from Viterbo :

“MAGNIFICENT MESSER MICHELANGELO.
-I did not reply earlier to your letter, be

cause it was, as one might say, an answer to my last ; for I thought that if you and I were to go on writing without intermission according to my obligation and your courtesy, I should have to neglect the Chapel of S. Catherine here, and be absent at the appointed hours for company with my sisterhood, while you would have to leave the Chapel of S. Paul, and be absent from morning through the day from your sweet usual colloquy with painted forms, the which with their natural accents do not speak to you less clearly than the living persons round me speak to me. Thus we should both of us fail in our duty, I to the brides, you to the vicar of Christ. For these reasons, inasmuch as I am well assured of our steadfast friendship and firm affection, bound by knots of Christian kindness, I do not think it necessary to obtain the proof of your good will in letters by writing on my side, but rather to await with well-prepared mind some

substantial occasion for serving you. Meanwhile I address my prayers to that Lord of whom you spoke to me with so fervent and humble a heart, when I left Rome, that when I return thither I may find you with his image renewed and enlivened by true faith in your soul, in like measure as you have painted it with perfect art in my Samaritan. Believe me to remain always yours and your Urbino's."

The friendship between these two noble souls came to an end, as far as death can end such things, in 1547, when Vittoria Colonna passed from earth.

" All my friends are dead ;
And she is dead, the noblest of them all.
I saw her face, when the great Sculptor Death,
Whom men should call Divine, had at a blow
Stricken her into marble ; and I kissed
Her cold white hand."¹

¹ Longfellow's "Michael Angelo."

The two sonnets which here follow were doubtless composed by Angelo in his bereavement :

“ When my rude hammer to the stubborn stone
 Gives human shape, now that, now this, at will,
 Following his hand who wields and guides it still,
It moves upon another’s feet alone ;
But that which dwells in heaven, the world doth fill
 With beauty by pure motions of its own ;
 And since tools fashion tools which else were none,
Its life makes all that lives with living skill.
Now, for that every stroke excels the more
 The higher at the forge it doth ascend,
 Her soul that fashioned mine hath sought the
 skies ;
Wherefore unfinished I must meet my end,
 If God, the great Artificer, denies
That aid which was unique on earth before.”

“ When she who was the source of all my sighs
 Fled from the world, herself, my straining sight,
 Nature, who gave us that unique delight,
Was sunk in shame, and we had weeping eyes.
Yet shall not vauntful Death enjoy the prize,
 This sun of suns which then he veiled in night ;
 For Love hath triumphed, lifting up her light

On earth and 'mid the saints of Paradise.
What though remorseless and impiteous doom
Deemed that the music of her deeds would die,
And that her splendor would be sunk in gloom?
The poet's page exalts her to the sky
With Life more living in the lifeless tomb,
And Death translates her soul to reign on high."

Vittoria Colonna had been at rest seventeen years when the end of a long life and of many colossal labors came to Buonarroti.

"Who shall doubt that these two have walked much together since, in that heaven where 'they neither marry nor are given in marriage?'"

In painting his attractive picture of "Michael Angelo Reading his Sonnets to Vittoria Colonna," Herr Schneider has permitted himself the quite allowable license of portraying the two poets as somewhat younger than the facts warrant.

Hermann Schneider was born at Munich in 1846, and received instruction in art from the celebrated Piloty. His paintings are

mostly historical in their nature, and include "Charles V. at Valladolid," "Mozart and his Sister," "Van Dyck Painting the Children of Charles I.," "Venus and Cupids," "Nymph and Triton," "Abundantia," and "A Roman Festival." He has decorated the castle of Drachenburg, on the Rhine, with mural paintings of "The Cycle of Bacchus" and other subjects.

CELLINI

ONE of the most remarkable autobiographies ever given to the world is that written by Benvenuto Cellini. An artist of rare gifts and consummate master of the goldsmith's craft, Cellini was hardly a great sculptor; a man of many faults, rash, full of conceit, arrogant, quarrelsome, he was "a mad-cap who firmly believed he was wise, circumspect, and prudent." His passionate and vindictive spirit thought it but right to re-

venge itself on an enemy either bravely in the open or by taking him at a disadvantage, yet when we remember the corrupt age in which Cellini lived and the evil examples set before him by personages of the highest rank, we are constrained to find some excuse for his conduct.

At all events, however much we may and must condemn many of his acts, we cannot but admire his genius and energy, and the frankness with which he tells the story of his romantic career.

In Robert-Fleury's picture of our artist-bravo, we see Cellini as he sits in his studio brooding darkly over some real or fancied wrong and thinking how he may best requite it.

As an instance of Cellini's revengeful spirit, we will mention the account of his brother's death and the way it was revenged. It appears that our artist had a younger brother named Francesco, about twenty five

years old, who was a soldier in the service of Duke Alessandro de Medici in Rome. Seeing one day a former comrade being taken to prison by the guard of the Bargello, four brisk young blades of Francesco's company were induced by their captain to attempt a rescue. They attacked the constables, and during the fight which ensued, Bertino Aldobrandi, an intimate friend of Francesco's, was seriously wounded.

Francesco coming up and being told that his friend was killed, rushed after the guard and ran through the body the soldier who had wounded Bertino. Turning then upon the other constables, an arquebusier whom he was about to strike fired in self-defence (as Cellini himself says) and hit Francesco in the thigh. Of this wound he soon afterward died, and Cellini vowed to revenge him. He writes: "I took to watching the arquebusier who shot my brother, as though he had been a girl I was in love with. The man had for-

merly been in the light cavalry, but afterward had joined the arquebusiers as one of the Bargello's corporals; and what increased my rage was that he had used these boastful words: 'If it had not been for me, who killed that brave young man, the least trifle of delay would have resulted in his putting us all to flight with great disaster.' When I saw that the fever caused by always seeing him about was depriving me of sleep and appetite, and was bringing me by degrees to sorry plight, I overcame my repugnance to so low and not quite praiseworthy an enterprise, and made up my mind one evening to rid myself of the torment. The fellow lived in a house near a place called Torre Sanguigua. It had just struck twenty-four, and he was standing at the house-door, with his sword in hand, having risen from supper. With great address I stole up to him, holding a large Pistojan dagger, and dealt him a back-handed stroke, with which I meant to cut his head

clean off, but as he turned round very suddenly, the blow fell upon the point of his left shoulder and broke the bone. He sprang up, dropped his sword, half-stunned with the great pain, and took to flight. I followed after, and in four steps caught him up, when I lifted my dagger above his head, which he was holding very low, and hit him in the back exactly at the junction of the nape-bone and the neck. The poniard entered this point so deep into the bone, that, though I used all my strength to pull it out, I was not able. For just at that moment four soldiers with drawn swords sprang out from the next house and obliged me to set hand to my own sword to defend my life. Leaving the poniard then, I made off, and fearing I might be recognized, took refuge in the palace of Duke Alessandro, which was between Piazza Navona and the Pantheon."

At another time, having some cause for enmity against Pompeo, a Milanese jeweller

in the papal service, Cellini relates that he followed his rival, who was "attended by ten men very well armed," and came up with him as he was leaving an apothecary's shop, "and his bravi had opened their ranks and received him in their midst. I drew a little dagger with a sharpened edge, and breaking the line of his defenders, laid my hands upon his breast so quickly and coolly that none of them were able to prevent me. Then I aimed to strike him in the face; but fright made him turn his head round, and I stabbed him just beneath the ear. I only gave two blows, for he fell stone dead at the second. I had not meant to kill him; but, as the saying goes, knocks are not dealt by measure. With my left hand I plucked back the dagger and with my right hand drew my sword to defend my life. However, all those bravi ran up to the corpse and took no action against me, so I went back alone through Strada Giulia, considering how best to put myself in safety."

Cellini now accepted an invitation from Cardinal Cornaro to remain for a time under his protection, in view of possible unpleasant consequences from Pompeo's murder, "and a few days afterward the Cardinal Farnese was elected Pope.

"After he had put affairs of greater consequence in order, the new Pope sent for me, saying that he did not wish any one else to strike his coins. To these words of his Holiness, a gentleman very privately acquainted with him, named Messer Latino Juvinale, made answer that I was in hiding for a murder committed on the person of one Pompeo of Milan, and set forth what could be argued for my justification in the most favorable terms. The Pope replied: 'I knew nothing of Pompeo's death, but plenty of Benvenuto's provocation; so let a safe-conduct be at once made out for him, in order that he may be placed in perfect security.' A great friend of Pompeo's, who

was also intimate with the Pope, happened to be there; he was a Milanese, called Messer Ambrogio. This man said: 'In the first days of your papacy it were not well to grant pardons of this kind.' The Pope turned to him and answered: 'You know less about such matters than I do. Know, then, that men like Benvenuto, unique in their profession, stand above the law; and how far more he, then, who received the provocation I have heard of?' When my safe-conduct had been drawn out, I began at once to serve him, and was treated with the utmost favor."

Having seen Benvenuto as a bravo, let us look at him as an artist, and one specially favored by that liberal patron of the arts, Francis I. Cellini writes that at one time Francis said, "Having now so fine a basin and jug of my workmanship, he wanted an equally handsome salt-cellar to match them; and begged me to make a design, and to lose

no time about it. I replied : ‘Your Majesty shall see a model of the sort even sooner than you have commanded ; for while I was making the basin, I thought there ought to be a salt-cellar to match it, therefore I have already designed one, and if it is your pleasure, I will at once exhibit my conception.’ The king turned with a lively movement of surprise and pleasure to the lords in his company, — they were the King of Navarre, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the Cardinal of Ferrara, — exclaiming, as he did so : ‘Upon my word, this is a man to be loved and cherished by every one who knows him.’ Then he told me he would very gladly see my model.

“I set off, and returned in a few minutes ; for I had only to cross the river, that is, the Seine. I carried with me the wax model I had made in Rome, at the Cardinal of Ferrara’s request. When I appeared again before the king, and uncovered my piece, he

Betancourt's Catlin

From painting by J. N. Robert-Fleury



cried out in astonishment: 'This is a hundred times more divine a thing than I had ever dreamed of. What a miracle of a man! He ought never to stop working.' Then he turned to me with a beaming countenance, and told me that he greatly liked the piece, and wished me to execute it in gold. The Cardinal of Ferrara looked me in the face, and let me understand that he recognized the model as the same I had made for him in Rome. I replied that I had already told him I should carry it out for one who was worthy of it. The cardinal, remembering my words, and nettled by the revenge he thought that I was taking on him, remarked to the king: 'Sire, this is an enormous undertaking; I am only afraid that we shall never see it finished. These able artists, who have great conceptions in their brain, are ready enough to put the same in execution without duly considering when they are to be accomplished. I therefore,

if I gave commission for things of such magnitude, should like to know when I was likely to get them.' The king replied that if a man was so scrupulous about the termination of a work, he never would begin anything at all. These words he uttered with a certain look, which implied that such enterprises were not for folk of little spirit. I then began to say my say: 'Princes who put heart and courage in their servants, as your Majesty does, by deed and word, render undertakings of the greatest magnitude quite easy. Now that God has sent me so magnificent a patron, I hope to perform for him a multitude of great and splendid masterpieces.' 'I believe it,' said the king, and rose from the table. Then he called me into his chamber, and asked how much gold was wanted for the salt-cellar. 'A thousand crowns,' I answered. He called his treasurer at once, who was the Viscount of Orbec, and ordered him that very day to disburse to me

a thousand crowns of good weight and old gold."

At a later date the artist says, speaking of the famous salt-cellar now at Vienna :

"The king had now returned to Paris ; and when I paid him my respects, I took the piece with me. As I have already related, it was oval in form, standing about two-thirds of a cubit, wrought of solid gold, and worked entirely with the chisel. While speaking of the model, I said before how I had represented Sea and Earth, seated, with their legs interlaced, as we observe in the case of firths and promontories ; their attitude was therefore metaphorically appropriate. The Sea carried a trident in his right hand, and in his left I put a ship of delicate workmanship to hold the salt. Below him were his four sea-horses, fashioned like our horses from the head to the front hoofs ; all the rest of their body, from the middle backwards, resembled a fish, and the tails of these creatures were

agreeably interwoven. Above this group the Sea sat throned in an attitude of pride and dignity; around him were many kinds of fishes and other creatures of the ocean. The water was represented with its waves, and enamelled in the appropriate color. I had portrayed Earth under the form of a very handsome woman, holding her horn of plenty, entirely nude like the male figure; in her left hand I placed a little temple of Ionic architecture, most delicately wrought, which was meant to contain the pepper. Beneath her were the handsomest living creatures which the earth produces; and the rocks were partly enamelled, partly left in gold. The whole piece reposed upon a base of ebony, properly proportioned, but with a projecting cornice, upon which I introduced four golden figures in rather more than half relief. They represented Night, Day, Twilight, and Dawn. I put, moreover, into the same frieze four other figures, similar in size, and intended for

the four chief winds ; these were executed, and in part enamelled, with the most exquisite refinement.

“When I exhibited this piece to his Majesty, he uttered a loud outcry of astonishment, and could not satiate his eyes with gazing at it. Then he bade me take it back to my house, saying he would tell me at the proper time what I should have to do with it. So I carried it home, and sent at once to invite several of my best friends ; we dined gaily together, placing the salt-cellar in the middle of the table, and thus we were the first to use it.”

The painter of “Benvenuto Cellini in his Studio,” Joseph Nicolas Robert-Fleury, instructed in art by Girodet and Gros, and also by Horace Vernet, spent most of his life and produced most of his work in Paris, where he died in 1890, over ninety years old. More than one of his works may be seen in the Luxembourg and at Versailles. His sub-

jects, mostly historic in their character, include "Charles V. at Yuste," "Galileo," "The Conference at Poissy, 1561," "Clovis Entering Tours," "The Death of Titian," "Columbus," and "The Last Moments of Montaigne." The Paris Tribunal of Commerce contains several frescoes by Robert-Fleury.

TITIAN

"WE can no more bring Titian before us as a *young* man, than we can fancy the angelic Raphael old," says, with truth, Mrs. Jameson.

Few artists have reached the age allotted to Titian, whom Death passed by until he lacked but about a year of being a century old. The great Venetian painter was a man of fifty and over when he first met Charles V., his constant patron for more than a score of years, but he outlived the emperor nearly two decades.

It was probably in 1533, and at Bologna, that Titian made his first sketches of Charles, who was then on his way from Germany to embark at Genoa for Spain. From these sittings the artist painted a full-length portrait of the emperor, in armor, which has perished, and another one, showing him in a rich dress, with a hound by his side, which is in the Museum of Madrid.

“It was said of Charles V. that, from the day on which he first saw Titian, he never condescended to sit to any other master. The statement is based on the wording of a patent which the emperor issued to the master on his arrival at Barcelona in 1533. Titian is described in this document, which bears the date of May 19th, as a man so exquisitely gifted, that he deserves the name of the Apelles of his time. The emperor declares that he only follows the example of his predecessors, Alexander the Great and Octavian, in selecting him to be his painter ;

Alexander having sat to none but Apelles, and Octavian having employed the best of all draughtsmen, lest his glory should be tarnished by the monstrous failures of inexperienced designers: Titian's felicity in art, and the skill he displayed, warrant a grant of imperial honors. He is therefore created a Count of the Lateran Palace, of the Aulic Council, and of the Consistory, with the title of Count Palatine, and all the advantages attached to those dignities. He acquires the faculty of appointing notaries and ordinary judges, and the power to legitimize the illegitimate offspring of persons beneath the station of prince, count, or baron. His children are raised to the rank of nobles of the empire, with all the honors appertaining to families with four generations of ancestors. Titian himself is made a Knight of the Golden Spur, with all the privileges of knighthood, to wit, the sword, the chain, and the golden spur; and with this right

the entrance to court is conceded — a privilege which we shall find Titian frequently exercised.”

Such liberality was the more noteworthy coming from one usually so parsimonious as Charles. Motley says of him :

“The absolute master of realms on which the sun perpetually shone, he was not only greedy for additional dominion, but he was avaricious in small matters, and hated to part with a hundred dollars. To the soldier who brought him the sword and gauntlets of Francis I., he gave a hundred crowns, when ten thousand would have been less than the customary present, so that the man left his presence full of desperation. The three soldiers who swam the Elbe, with their swords in their mouths, to bring him the boats with which he passed to the victory of Mühlberg, received from his imperial bounty a doublet, a pair of stockings, and four crowns apiece. His courtiers and min-

isters complained bitterly of his habitual niggardliness, and were fain to eke out their slender salaries by accepting bribes from every hand rich enough to bestow them."

At the end of the year 1547, Charles summoned Titian to his court at Augsburg, and the painter, then seventy years old, obeyed the emperor's behest and endured the hardships of a midwinter ride of two hundred miles across the Alps. Arriving at the imperial city, he was received with much favor by Charles, who increased his pension and sat to him for the equestrian portrait now at Madrid. This superb work shows Charles as he rode into the battle of Mühlberg on the Elbe, where he defeated the Protestant league, and captured the Electors of Saxony and Hesse. The emperor is represented in full armor, with lance in hand, "his vizor up over the eager, powerful face — the eye and beak of an eagle, the jaw of a bulldog, the face of a born ruler, a man of prey."

An entire contrast to this work is offered by another portrait of Charles, painted by Titian at Augsburg, which hangs in the gallery of Munich. Here the great emperor is seen in repose, seated on an armchair of red velvet, his black, fur-lined robe relieved against a yellow screen. He wears the order of the Golden Fleece and holds a glove in his right hand.

During his stay in Augsburg, Titian also painted portraits of many other high-born personages, among them Mary, Queen Dowager of Hungary, King Ferdinand, brother of the emperor, Philibert Emmanuel of Savoy, the brilliant Maurice of Saxony, and the cruel Duke of Alva.

Titian was again called to Augsburg by the emperor in 1550, and on the 11th of November in that year we find him writing as follows to Pietro Aretino, that despicable but remarkable man, who at least was a faithful friend to our artist, by whom his portrait was painted more than once.

Titian to Aretino at Venice.

“SIGNOR PIETRO, HONORED GOSSIP :— I wrote by Messer Aeneas that I kept your letters near my heart, till occasion should offer to deliver them to his Majesty. The day after the Parmesan’s (Aeneas) departure his Majesty sent for me. After the usual courtesies and examination of the pictures which I had brought, he asked for news of you and whether I had letters from you to deliver. To the last question I answered affirmatively, and then presented the letter you gave me. Having read it, the emperor repeated its contents so as to be heard by his Highness his son, the Duke of Alva, Don Luigi Davila, and the rest of the gentlemen of the chamber, and as there was mention of me he asked what it was that was required of him. I replied that at Venice, in Rome, and in all Italy the public assumed that his Holiness was well minded to make you . . .

Charles V. Picking up Titian's Brush
From painting by Carl Becker



(cardinal), upon which Cæsar showed signs of pleasure in his face, saying he would greatly rejoice at such an event, which could not fail to please you ; and so, dear brother, I have done for you such service as I owe to a friend of your standing, and if I should be able otherwise to assist you, I beg you will command me in every respect. Not a day passes but the Duke of Alva speaks to me of the ‘divine Aretino,’ because he loves you much, and he says he will favor your interest with his Majesty. I told him that you would spend the world, that what you got you shared with everybody, and that you gave to the poor even to the clothes on your back, which is true, as every one knows. I gave your letter, too, to the Bishop of Arras, and you shall shortly have an answer. Sir Philip Hoby left yesterday for England by land ; he salutes you, and says he will not be content until he does you a pleasure himself in addition to the good offices which he promises

to do for your benefit with his sovereign. Rejoice therefore, as you well may by the grace of God, and keep me in good recollection, saluting for me Signor Jacoho Sansovino and kissing the hand of Anichino.

“Your friend and gossip,

“TIZIANO.”

“*From Augsburg, Nov. 11, 1550.*”

The main purpose for which Titian was summoned to Augsburg at this time was to paint the portrait of Charles's eldest son, afterward Philip II., then twenty-four years old. The first likeness done of the prince, now at Madrid, was sent to London when the marriage of Philip with Queen Mary of England was in course of arrangement, and, so skilfully had Titian veiled the repellent qualities of the prince, did much to incline Mary's fancy toward him.

During this visit the courtiers saw with surprise the familiar intercourse between

Charles and Titian, who held frequent conferences together as to the composition of a picture which should embody both the religious struggle of the time and the emperor's desire for retirement from the cares of state. When, eight years later, Charles finally renounced, at Yuste, all the glory of this world, this picture of the Trinity was among those upon which his dying eyes last rested.

Stirling Maxwell says: "His retreat was adorned with some pictures, few, but well chosen, and worthy of a discerning lover of art, and the patron and friend of Titian. A composition on the subject of the 'Trinity,' and three pictures of 'Our Lady,' by that great master, filled the apartments with poetry and beauty; and as specimens of his skill in another style, there were portraits of the recluse himself and of his empress Long tradition, which there seems little reason to doubt, adds that over the high altar of the convent, and in sight of his own bed,

he had placed that celebrated composition, called the ‘Glory of Titian,’ a picture of the Last Judgment, in which Charles, his wife, and their royal children were represented in the master’s grandest style, as conducted by angels into life eternal. And another masterpiece of the great Venetian — St. Jerome praying in his cavern, with a sweet landscape in the distance — is also reputed to have formed the opposite altar-piece in the private oratory of the emperor.” A few days before his death, “he sent for a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great Queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of Our Lord praying in the garden, and then for a sketch of the ‘Last Judgment,’ by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as

if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favorite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame."

We know not upon what historic data, if any, rests the anecdote illustrated by the painter, Carl Becker. It relates that once, when the great Venetian was at work upon a portrait of Charles, he dropped his brush and the emperor stooped to pick it up. This was in those days a supreme condescension from a prince to a painter, one which doubtless more than compensated—in the judgment of their world—for the harassing and interminable delays in making payment for his work of which Titian was so often forced to complain.

PALISSY

"O Palissy ! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest ;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exaltation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find creates ! "

— *Longfellow.*

IF the Bastile still existed, no spot within its massive walls would be more worthy of note than the cell wherein Bernard Palissy breathed his last, a victim of religious intolerance. It was in 1589 that the great potter passed away, having, after a life of ennobling toil, reached the age of eighty years. Henry III., the worthless king who left Palissy to die in prison, though his mother, the cruel Catherine de Medicis, had protected the Huguenot potter during the massacre of St.

Bartholomew, perished the same year by the dagger of Jacques Clement, a Dominican friar.

Palissy, who was not only an artist, but a chemist, naturalist, botanist, and scientist, and also an author, has left us among his writings a most graphic account of the struggles he underwent in endeavoring to learn the art of making white enamel. He says: "It is more than five and twenty years since there was shown to me an earthen cup, turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun, when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronized, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels I could make earthen vessels and other things

very prettily, because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing ; and thereafter, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for the enamels, as a man gropes in the dark. Without having heard of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded, in those days, all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything ; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum ; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake, that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish color ; for I sought only after white enamel, because I had heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others. Then, because I had never seen

earth baked, nor could I tell by what degree of heat the said enamel should be melted, it was impossible for me to get any result in this way, though my chemicals should have been right ; because at one time the mass might have been heated too much, at another time too little ; and when the said materials were baked too little or burnt, I could not at all tell the reason why I met with no success, but would throw blame on the materials, which sometimes, perhaps, were the right ones, or at least could have afforded me some hint for the accomplishment of my intentions, if I had been able to manage the fire in the way that my materials required. But again, in working thus, I committed a fault still grosser than that above named ; for in putting my trial-pieces in the furnace, I arranged them without consideration, so that if the materials had been the best in the world, and the fire also the fittest, it was impossible for any good result to follow. Thus,

having blundered several times at a great expense, and through much labor, I was every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money, and consumed my wood and my time.

“When I had fooled away several years thus imprudently with sorrow and sighs because I could not at all arrive at my intention, and, remembering the money spent, I resolved, in order to avoid such large expenditure, to send the chemicals that I would test to the kiln of some potter ; and, having settled this within my mind, I purchased afresh several earthen vessels, and, having broken them in pieces, as was my custom, I covered three or four hundred of the fragments with enamel, and sent them to a pottery distant a league and a half from my dwelling, with a request to the potters that they would please to permit those trials to be baked within some of their vessels.

This they did willingly ; but when they had baked their batch, and came to take out my trial-pieces, I received nothing but shame and loss, because they turned out good for nothing ; for the fire used by those potters was not hot enough, and my trials were not put into the furnace in the required manner, and according to my science. And because I had at that time no knowledge of the reason why my experiments had not succeeded, I threw the blame (as I before said) on my materials ; and, beginning afresh, I made a number of new compounds and sent them to the same potters, to do with as before ; so I continued to do several times, always with great loss of time, confusion, and sorrow. . . .

“ Seeing that I had been able to do nothing, whether in my own furnaces or in those of the before-mentioned potters, I broke about three dozen earthen pots, — all of them new, — and having ground a large quantity of different materials, I covered all

the bits of the said pots with my chemicals, laid on with a brush ; but you should understand that, in two or three hundred of those pieces, there were only three covered with each kind of compound. Having done this, I took all these pieces and carried them to a glass-house, in order to see whether my chemicals and compounds might not prove good when tried in a glass furnace. Then, since these furnaces are much hotter than those of potters, the next day, when I had them drawn out, I observed that some of my compounds had begun to melt ; and for this cause I was still more encouraged to search for the white enamel upon which I had spent so much labor.

“Concerning other colors I did not give myself any trouble ; this little symptom, which I then perceived, caused me to work for the discovery of the said white enamel for two years beyond the time already mentioned, during which two years I did nothing



Bernard Palissy

From painting by Jean Hegesippe Vetter



but go and come between my house and adjacent glass-houses, aiming to succeed in my intentions. God willed that when I had begun to lose my courage, and was gone for the last time to a glass-furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial-pieces, there was one among those pieces which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished in a way that caused me such joy as made me think I was become a new creature; and I thought that from that time I had the full perfection of the white enamel; but I was very far from having what I thought. This trial was a very happy one in one sense, but very unhappy in another — happy, because it gave me entrance upon the ground which I have since gained; but unhappy, because it was not made with substances in the right measure or proportion. I was so great an ass

in those days, that directly I had made the said enamel, which was singularly beautiful, I set myself to make vessels of earth, although I had never understood earths; and having employed the space of seven or eight months in making the said vessels, I began to erect for myself a furnace like that of the glass-workers, which I built with more labor than I can tell; for it was requisite that I should be the mason to myself, that I should temper my own mortar, that I should draw the water with which it was tempered; also it was requisite that I should go myself to seek the bricks and carry them upon my back, because I had no means to pay a single man for aid in this affair. I succeeded with my pots in the first baking, but when it came to the second baking, I endured suffering and labor such as no man would believe. For instead of reposing after my past toil, I was obliged to work for the space of more than a month, night and day, to grind the materials

of which I had made that beautiful enamel at the glass-furnace ; and when I had ground them, I covered therewith the vessels that I had made ; this done, I put the fire into my furnace by two mouths, as I had seen done at the glass-houses ; I also put my vessels into the furnace, to bake and melt the enamel which I had spread over them ; but it was an unhappy thing for me, for though I spent six days and six nights before the said furnace, feeding it with wood incessantly through its two mouths, it was not possible to make the said enamel melt, and I was like a man in desperation. And although quite stupefied with labor, I counselled to myself, that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt ; and, seeing this, I began once more to pound and grind the before-named materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool. In this way I had double labor to pound, grind, and

maintain the fire. When I had thus compounded my enamel, I was forced to go again and purchase pots, in order to prove the said compound — seeing that I had lost all the vessels which I had made myself. And having covered the new pieces with the said enamel, I put them into the furnace, keeping the fire still at its height ; but there-upon occurred to me a new misfortune, which caused great mortification — namely, that the wood having failed me, I was forced to burn the palings which maintained the boundaries of my garden ; which being burnt also, I was forced to burn the tables and the flooring of my house, to cause the melting of the second composition. I suffered an anguish that I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace — it was more than a month since my shirt had been dry upon me. Further to console me, I was the object of mockery ; and even those from whom solace was due

ran crying through the town that I was burning my floors ! And in this way my credit was taken from me, and I was regarded as a madman.

“ Others said that I was laboring to make false money, which was a scandal under which I pined away, and slipped with bowed head through the streets like a man put to shame ; I was in debt in several places, and had two children at nurse, unable to pay the nurses ; no one gave me consolation, but, on the contrary, men jested at me, saying it was right for him to die of hunger, seeing that he had left off following his trade. All these things assailed my ears when I passed through the street ; but for all that there still remained some hope which encouraged and sustained me, inasmuch as the last trials had turned out tolerably well. . . . Other faults and accidents occurred ; as, when I had made a batch, it might prove to be too much baked, or another time too little, and all would be

lost in that way. I was so inexperienced, that I could not discern the too much, or too little. One time my work was baked in front, but not baked properly behind; another time I tried to obviate that, and burnt my work behind, but the front was not baked at all; sometimes it was baked on the right hand and burnt on the left; sometimes my enamels were put on too thinly, sometimes they were too thick, which caused me great losses; sometimes, when I had in the furnace enamels different in color, some were burnt before the others had been melted. In short, I blundered for the space of fifteen or sixteen years. When I had learnt to guard against one danger, there came another, about which I had not thought. During this time I made several furnaces which caused me great losses before I understood the way to heat them equally. At last I found means to make several vessels of different enamels intermixed in the manner of jasper. That

fed me for several years ; but, while feeding upon these things, I sought always to work onward with expenses and disbursements — as you know that I am doing still. When I had discovered how to make my rustic pieces, I was in greater trouble and vexation than before ; for having made a certain number of rustic vases and having put them to bake, my enamels turned out some beautiful and well melted, others ill melted ; others were burnt, because they were composed of different materials, because they were fusible in different degrees — the green of the lizards was burnt before the color of the serpents were melted, and the color of the serpents, lobsters, tortoises, and crabs was melted before the white had attained any beauty. All these defects caused me such labor and heaviness of spirit, that before I could render my enamels fusible at the same degree of heat, I thought that I would be at the door of my sepulchre ; also, while laboring at such affairs,

I was, for the space of ten years, so wasted in my person, that there was no form nor prominence of muscle on my arms and legs; also the said legs were throughout of one size, so that the garters with which I tied my stockings, were at once, when I walked, down upon my heels, the stockings too. I often walked about the fields of Xaintes, considering my miseries and weariness, and above all things that in my own house I could have no peace or do anything that was considered good. I was despised and mocked by all; nevertheless, I made some vessels of different colors which kept house tolerably, but, in doing this, the diversities of earth, which I thought to forward myself, brought me more loss in a little time than all the accidents before. For having made several vessels of different earths, some were burnt before the others were baked; some received the enamel, and proved afterward extremely suited to my purpose; others deceived me

in all my enterprises. Then, because my enamels did not work well together on the same thing, I was deceived many times; whence I derived always vexation and sorrow. Nevertheless, the hope that I have caused me to proceed with my work so like a man, that often, to amuse people who came to see me, I did my best to laugh, although within me all was very sad."

The picture of Palissy which we give was painted by Jean Hegesippe Vetter. Vetter, who is a Parisian, born in 1820, was instructed in art by Steuben, and his first picture appeared at the Salon in 1842. He has been honored by having at least two of his paintings, "Molière and Louis XIV.," and "Mazarin," purchased by the state. "Palissy" was painted in 1861, made a great success, and was sold for twenty-five thousand francs.

TINTORETTO

THE home life of the painter of the "Miracle of St. Mark" was, without doubt, a happy one. Seven children moved within its circle: two sons, of whom Domenico is well known as an artist, and five daughters. Marietta, her father's favorite and his pupil, was not only gifted as a portrait painter, but skilled in music, being a fine performer on the lute and a talented singer. She seems to have been the soul of the artistic gatherings which took place in her father's house—where might be seen such artists as Bassano, Paul Veronese, and Schiavoni, together with Alessandro Vittoria, the sculptor, and where music was represented by Giuseppe Zarlino, the chapelmaster of St. Mark's.

Marietta became the wife of one Mario Augusta, a German jeweller, but did not live to reach the high rank in art which her

early successes indicated. She fell into ill health and died in 1590, when but thirty years of age, four years before her father's death. They rest together in the church of S. Madonna dell' Orto, in Venice.

Cogniet's striking picture of Tintoretto painting a portrait of his daughter, as she lies dead before him, hangs in the Museum of Bordeaux. We know nothing of the whereabouts of the great artist's portrait of Marietta after death, if it still exists. The Museum of Madrid has a portrait of a fair young Venetian holding a rose in her hand, which is from the brush of Tintoretto, and is thought to be a likeness of his favorite daughter, but this was done from life.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston's fine poem, "Tintoretto's Last Painting," should be associated with Cogniet's picture, and we give it entire.

I.

“ Oh, bitter, bitter truth ! I see it now,
Heightening the lofty calmness of her face,
Until it seems transfigured. On her brow
The gray mists settle. I begin to trace
The whitening circle round her lips ; the fine
Curve of the nostril pinches, . . . ah, the sign
Indubitable ! I dare thrust aside
No longer what ye oft in vain have tried
To force upon my sight, that day by day
My Venice lily drops her leaves away,
While I have seen no fading, — I, who should
Have known it earliest.

II.

“ Only thirty years
For this unfolding flush of womanhood
To fruiten into ripeness : Oh, if tears
Could bribe, how soon my harvested fourscore
Should take the thirty's place ! For I have had
Life's large ingathering, and I crave no more.
But she, . . . she just begins to taste how glad
The mellower clusters are, — when see ! — the woe !
One blast of mortal ravage, and here lies,
Before my startled eyes,
The laden vine, uprooted at a blow.

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Tintoretto Painting his Dead Daughter

From painting by Leon Cogniet



III.

“My *Paradiso* does not hold a face
That is not richer through my darling’s gift:
One angel has the hushed, adoring lift
Of her arched lids; another wears the grace
That dimples round her flexile mouth; and one —
The nearest to the Mother and her Son —
Borrows the tawny glory of her hair:
And yet, — how strange! — as full and perfect
 whole,
Her form, her features, all the breathing soul
Of her I have not pictured elsewhere.

IV.

“Tommàso, bring my colors hither. Haste!
 We have no time to waste.
Draw back the curtain; in the fairest light
Set forth my easel, - I am blind to-night,
Blind through my weeping, but I must not lose
Even the shadow’s shadow. Now they prop
Her for the breeze: There! just as I would
 choose,
They smooth the pillows. Dear Ottavia, drop
Your Persian scarf across her couch, that so
Its wine-red flecks may interfuse the cold
Blanch of the linen’s deadened snow.

V.

“Nay, — hold!

Give her no hint; forbear to let her know
That the old doting father fain would snatch
This phantom from death's grip. My child! My
child!

My inmost soul rebels, unreconciled!
Heart sinks, hand palsies, while I strive to match
Such beatific loveliness with blot
Of earthly color. All my tints but seem
Ashen and muddy to reflect the gleam
Of those celestial eyes fast-fixt on what
Spirits alone can see. Ah! now, — she smiles —

VI.

“Look on my canvas: if the wish beguiles
Not judgment, I have caught a glimmer here
Of the old shine that used to flash so clear
Across our evening circle, — like the last
Long sunset ray aslant our gray lagunes,
When she would lean, with Veronese anear,
Beside the sill, and listen to the tunes
Of gondoliers who 'neath our windows passed.
Now softly bid Ottavia loosen out
Her golden-thridded hair; and bring a rose
From yonder vase, and let her fingers close
— Poor, fragile fingers! — the green stem about.

VII.

“Yea,—so! But all is blurred through rush of
tears:

Only the vanish’d, mocking long ago,
Frescoed with memories of her happy years,
Betwixt me and the canvas seems to glow.

And now, — and now!

Her hair rays off, — an aureole round her brow:
And see! Tommäso, see! I understand
Not what I do; for, in her slackening hand,
I’ve put a palm-branch where I meant the rose
Should drop its spark of warmth the whiteness o’er;
How wan she looks! Surely the pallor grows, —
Nay, push the easel back, . . . I can no more!”

Leon Cogniet was born at Paris in 1794, and studied under Guerin, winning the Great Prize of Rome in 1817. He spent the rest of his long life (he died in 1880) in painting portraits and historical subjects, and in teaching. His “Marius among the Ruins of Carthage,” and his “Numa” were purchased by the government. The “National Guard Marching to Join the Army in 1792,” is at

Versailles, together with the "Battle of Rivoli," and other military pictures. One of Cogniet's best known works was "The Massacre of the Innocents," which he exhibited in 1824.

CALLOT

THE first appearance in France of the strange and mysterious people called "gipsies," was in August, 1427, when a tribe of 132 souls, under a "duke," a "count," and ten "knights," startled the people of Paris. Hundreds of years before this time, the Persian poet Ferdusi wrote: "For that which is unclean by nature thou canst entertain no hope: no washing will turn the gipsy white," and ere long the presence of this singular race became distasteful to the French people. Numberless crimes and misdemeanors were imputed to them, and Francis I., following the example of other monarchs, decreed their banishment. Under Charles IX., in 1561, exter-

mination by fire and steel was ordered against them, yet in spite of the severity of their persecutors, these "masterful beggars" managed somehow to retain a foothold in France.

As an instance of this, we can cite the fact — apparently well authenticated — that more than forty years after the sentence of destruction launched against them under the ninth Charles, young Jacques Callot of Nancy, great etcher-to-be, joined a band of roving gipsies bound for Italy, the fatherland of art.

How this came about is thus related: "Of course, as Callot grew up, he began to manifest his love for art in the usual orthodox manner. Giotto neglected his sheep for his drawing, and Gainsborough put landscape sketches into his copy-book; Rembrandt drew portraits on the sacks in his father's mill; and so one need not be astonished to learn that little Jacques is using his pencil, in season and out of season, particularly out of season in the precise eyes of Messer Jean

Callot, his father. He, worthy man, considers the art of painting merely a useful adjunct to the noble science of heraldry. If the boy would only confine himself to the emblazoning of azure, and vert, and sang, in the proper quarters of the various shields where they should be, all would be well ; but, alas ! the young rogue has found out an azure in the sky, and a vert beneath his feet, and a sang in the glowing west when the sun goes down, — fonder of drawing picturesque little peasants than of investigating the pedigree of the proudest Lorraine, alive or dead. The poor king-at-arms has had a project in that wise head of his, ever since he first saw Jacques lying in his mother's arms, a helpless bundle of humanity. His other sons have taken themselves to various callings ; this one shall succeed him in his office, and live and die in the service of Lorraine, like he and his father before him. But even kings-at-arms are liable to be thwarted in their

dearest wishes, and Jean, with anger and vexation, confessed to himself that this son of his, who is probably even now sketching some eccentric vagabond, or copying and enjoying the grotesque carving on some quaint gargoyle, is not a very likely person to perform the high and important functions of herald-at-arms to his Highness of Lorraine, with satisfaction either to himself or his princely employer.

“Meanwhile Jacques is getting as dissatisfied as his father at the state of things. Renée Bruneault’s family had produced painters, and probably her stories of their lives had inflamed the imagination of her son with those brilliant dreams of Italy, the fatherland of art, of which his mind was full, — Italy, the home of painting, of Raphael and Michael Angelo, of Filippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto; Rome, where all the treasures of ancient art were stored, — oh, that he could get to Italy, and become a

humble guest at this feast of the immortals ! Heraldry, with its eccentric zoölogy and in-harmonious coloring, becomes more and more distasteful to the young genius, who hopes to astonish all the world with the glories of his art.

“To Italy he resolves to go at all costs, and, with a heavy heart and a light purse, he leaves the paternal domicile, and sets forth upon his journey after fame and fortune, often as perilous and as unsuccessful an enterprise as the search of the San Grail. The world was all before him where to choose, but one object alone animated him : to see the fair land of Italy, and become a famous painter ; and ere he had proceeded far, his grief at parting from home and fatherland was absorbed in the anticipation of the career he had painted for himself in all the glowing colors of the springtime’s fancy. It is written, ‘Man shall not live by bread alone,’ but it is equally certain man

The Youth of Callot

From painting by Aimé de Leuncl



A. D. L. 1871

cannot subsist entirely without that article, and poor Jacques's light purse is getting lighter every day ; but what then ? when the youthful blood bounds quickly along our veins, we are not given to despair ; while there is life there is hope. Moreover, this golden land of hope is getting nearer every day. But the daily bread ! Hunger is the most powerful subjugator of all enthusiasm, — political, religious, and, indeed, of every sort whatever, — and is also a quick destroyer of all social pride and distinctions of caste. Therefore we need not be surprised to hear that Callot joined himself to one of those bands of merry vagrants who then wandered all over Europe, the Bohemians of France, the Gitanos of Spain, the Zingari of Italy, the Gipsies of our own land ; that mysterious race whose origin has defied the most industrious investigation.

“In later life, Callot appears to have had this portion of his career often in his mind,

and in one of his wonderful etchings he has portrayed a scene, probably that of his first introduction to his vagabond friends. The band are halting at the outskirts of a village, and are taking possession of an empty hay-loft, on the roof of which a cat is pursuing a bird, totally unconscious of the proximity of a dog, who exhibits vicious intentions on pussy's tail, the dog itself being unaware of an avenging stick poised in mid-air. Some pigs, previous inhabitants of the loft, are causing dire disasters among the crowd; in the centre the high life of gipsydom is grouped, surveying the operators with a truly aristocratic air. In the front, some stragglers have just come up, and a handsome blade is assisting a demoiselle to descend from her horse, with a gallantry worthy of Louis Bien-Aimé; and near these sits Jacques Callot, with silken doublet and feathered hat, making pictorial notes of the queer folk surrounding him, and by his side, surveying his

work with admiring wonder, is a charming gipsy girl, whose flowing hair and arch looks might have tempted good St. Anthony himself.

“In another of his works, ‘The Gipsies on the March,’ we have a further reminiscence of this period of his life, — gipsy men, fierce and swaggering; gipsy children, precociously imitating their sires; gipsy women, with an air of tender gracefulness about them, redeeming their squalid rags and gewgaw finery. Questionable company hast thou fallen into, Jacques! What would father Jean say, could he behold thee a recognised member of this society of outcasts, without law or religion? people to whom the sixth commandment is an obsolete act, whose hand is against every one, and having every one’s hand against them? See what comes of disobedience, my son! Such, perhaps, in his dreams, are the words which young Callot hears addressed to him by the king-at-arms.

But Rascaldom and Bohemianism are not without redeeming traits in young eyes, particularly eyes as fond of the grotesque and the eccentric as those of that respectable herald's own son.

"At all events, we are travelling toward the wished-for haven," and so we see him merrily trudging away beside a sturdy "Bohemian," who bears both sword and crutch over his shoulder, his pretence of lameness for the time put away. Dauntless twelve-year-old Jacques is in light marching order, having, so far as we can see, no baggage but his sketch-book. Perchance, however, the wagon behind carries his small belongings. Perhaps, also, the boy repaid the gipsies for their aid and company by sharing with them the proceeds from any sketches he might sell on his way to Rome.

Aimé de Lemud, the French artist whose pencil drew our picture of the boy Callot, was himself a native of Lorraine, of which

dukedom Nancy was formerly the capital. De Lemud, who is probably most familiar to us from his picture of the dreaming Beethoven, died an old man in 1887, after winning success and honors both as painter, engraver, and lithographer. In the Museum of Nancy is his "Fall of Adam," and that of Metz contains his "Prisoner."

RUBENS

Two happy marriages fell to the lot of Rubens. His first union was with Isabella Brant, and took place in 1609, when the painter was thirty-two and his bride eighteen years old. After living together in peace and mutual content for over sixteen years, the couple were separated by death, who claimed Isabella as his own in 1626. Her loss was deeply felt and sincerely mourned by Rubens, as can well be seen in the following lines taken from a letter he wrote

to his friend Dupuy soon after Isabella's decease :

“In truth I have lost an excellent companion, and one worthy of all affection, for she had none of the faults of her sex. Never displaying bitterness or weakness, her kindness and loyalty were perfect ; and her rare qualities, having made her beloved during her life, have caused her to be regretted by all after her death. Such a loss, it seems to me, ought to be deeply felt, and since the only remedy for all evil is the oblivion that time brings, I must undoubtedly look to time for consolation. But it will be very difficult for me to separate the grief caused by this bereavement, from the memory of one whom I must respect and honor as long as I live. A journey might perhaps serve to take me away from the sight of the many objects which necessarily renew my grief, for she alone still fills my henceforth empty house, she alone lies by my side on my desolate

couch ; whereas the new sights that a journey affords occupy the imagination and furnish no material for the regrets that are for ever springing up in one's heart. But I should travel in vain, for I shall have myself for companion everywhere."

Four years passed, and Rubens again sought matrimonial happiness. His first wife had been his niece by marriage, and so, curiously enough, was his second spouse, Helena Fourment, whom he married on December 6, 1630. She was a girl of sixteen, he a man of fifty-three, handsome, famous, ennobled, well-to-do, — and gouty.

Paul Mantz says: "From the day of his marriage with his second wife, Helena Fourment, on the 6th of December, 1630, a sort of St. Martin's summer began in Rubens's life, and seemed to lend to his heart and to his genius the impulse of another springtime. Apparently, too, he was eager to share the delight he took in her with all

the world, and she was for many years, and, indeed, to the end of his life, continually in his mind and in his eyes. He never wearied of reproducing her young grace. The portraits of her are numberless."

Houbraken, speaking of her beauty, called her a *new Helen*, and said that she was a valuable possession for the artist, "since she spared him the expense of other models." It is certain that her portrait, more or less exact, may be seen in many of the ideal works produced by her husband after their marriage. In these Helena's fair face looks out at us from under many an alias — now as St. Cecilia before her organ, now as Andromeda chained to the rock, or as the despairing Dido about to stab herself. Again, she masquerades as a Bathsheba or Susanna, as nymph or shepherdess, or as one of the charming dames in the "Garden of Love" of the Prado, that masterpiece which Philip IV. so treasured. Like Rem-

brandt's beloved Saskia, Rubens's Helena dominates her husband's brush, but, more fortunate than the great Dutchman, the great Fleming was permitted to cherish his adored model to the end of his days.

"A fine picture in the Munich Gallery represents both husband and wife in the early period of their marriage, walking in the garden of their house. The artist wears a broad-brimmed felt hat, and a black doublet striped with gray. The refined, intelligent head, the proudly turned up moustaches, the attractive countenance, the distinguished bearing, incline us to regard him as a young man; a few silver threads in the fair beard show us our mistake. His arm is in Helena's; she is painted almost full face, and her pink complexion is protected from the sun by a large straw hat. She looks delightfully ingenuous in all the bloom of her sixteen years. Her hair, with its golden reflected lights, is cut in a fringe over the forehead like that of

a boy, and escapes round her face in fair curls. Her black bodice opens over a chemisette; her dull yellow skirt is turned up over a gray petticoat, and a white apron falls over both. She holds a feather fan in her hand, and a pearl necklace sets off the whiteness of her throat. She half turns toward a young page, entirely dressed in red, who follows her bareheaded. The couple approach a portico, beneath which a table is spread beside the statues and busts which decorate it; some bottles have been set to cool in a large basin on the ground. The building, so fantastic in its architecture, which is an eccentric mixture of Italian style and Flemish taste, is the pavilion the artist erected in his garden not far from the house, and often introduced in his pictures. Near at hand an old woman feeds two peacocks; a turkey-cock struts about with his spouse, and a friendly dog runs after their young ones. The air is warm, the lilacs are in

Rubens and his Wife in a Garden
From painting by Peter Paul Rubens



bloom ; the young orange-trees have been released from their winter quarters, and the flower-beds are gay with many-colored tulips. At the side, the waters of a fountain, likewise found in many of Rubens's pictures, fall into a basin. The pair are about to seat themselves under this portico, surrounded by these domestic animals, with the blue sky and the flowers before their eyes, wholly given up to a happiness which is echoed in the holiday mood of surrounding nature.

“When we have thoroughly enjoyed this beautiful picture, our eyes involuntarily turn to the other canvas in the same room of the gallery, in which, on an equally fine spring day, Rubens painted himself in a honeysuckle arbor with his wife Isabella, whom he had so affectionately loved, who was so intimately associated with his life, and whose loss he deplored four years earlier in the touching letter to Dupuy quoted above. In the same involuntary fashion it occurs to us that the

former marriage was better assorted; the intellectual sympathy must have been greater than it could have been with a young girl who passed so suddenly from the seclusion of her father's house to so conspicuous a position. It would be interesting to learn something of Helena's character, of her culture and education, of her influence on the great man who loved her. But no information on these points is to be found either in the acts of her life, in Rubens's correspondence, or in the testimony of contemporaries. But the large number of portraits of her that Rubens painted bear eloquent witness to the strength and persistence of his love. There is scarcely a gallery of importance without a portrait of her, and at Munich there are four."

One of these shows Madame Rubens, at full length, sitting clothed in green and violet, with her little son, nude save for a black cap and feather, on her lap. Another presents her seated facing us in an armchair

under a colonnade, with an Eastern rug beneath her feet—a purple drapery hangs behind her, her dress of black satin opens over an underskirt of white silk brocade embroidered with gold. A high lace collar, feathered fan, pearl necklace, and jewelled stomacher complete the sumptuous picture.

She appears again in a full-length portrait in the Louvre, seated, embracing her little son, her infant daughter standing by. The same child is seen once more in a picture belonging to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, which is called “Rubens and his wife teaching one of their children to walk.” In the Louvre example, Helena wears a white dress and a gray felt hat with plumes; in Baron Rothschild’s canvas, her gown is of black velvet. The baron also owns a full-length portrait of Rubens’s second wife in a Spanish dress of black satin with lilac ribbons, attended by a page dressed in red. For these two pictures, which were formerly

at Blenheim, Baron Rothschild paid the Duke of Marlborough £55,000.

The royal collection at Windsor has a beautiful half-length portrait of Helena holding her hands crossed in front of her. In this she wears a yellow satin dress with slashed sleeves, a black mantle, a rich lace ruff, and a pearl necklace. St. Petersburg preserves a fine full-length of her standing with a fan in her hand, and at Vienna is the celebrated picture — called “The Pelisse” — showing Helena on her way to the bath, clad only in a fur-trimmed cloak. This portrait Rubens always retained, and at his death in 1640 he specially bequeathed it to his widow, who, by the way, married again in 1645. She was only twenty-six at the time of the death of Rubens, by whom she became the mother of five children, and her second husband was one Jean Baptiste van Brockhoven, an Antwerp alderman and man of rank and substance. Helena survived her

first husband many years, not dying until 1673.

Finally we are reminded that the master's picture of "The Virgin and Saints," which forms the altar-piece of the Rubens chapel in the church of St. Jacques at Antwerp, is said to contain portraits of both the wives of Rubens, who has there represented himself as St. George. In this chapel the illustrious painter was interred.

BRAUWER

THE face of the artist in Papperitz's picture of Brauwer is so kindly and pleasant that one is glad to believe the latest accounts of him, which assert that he was not such a worthless toper as older writers have made him out to be.

Doctor Johnson said, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," and perchance this Dutch painter was (dis)credited with

much of the drinking, gambling, and quarrelling which, so far as his own life was concerned, went on only in his pictures. For these were the kind of subjects — pot-house brawls and drinking bouts, dice-throwing and maudlin revells, — which he always painted, and painted so superbly that genuine works from his hand are most highly prized. Brauwer died when but little over thirty, and his pictures are quite rare.

Vandam has written a vivacious account of an adventurous episode in Brauwer's life which is well worth quoting.

“It is a sunny afternoon in May, 1634, though very little of its cheerfulness penetrates into the gloomy cell where we meet once more with poor Adriaan. It is part of the prison constructed in one of the angles of the citadel, which was built by the Duke of Alva to keep rebellious Antwerpens in check. How comes he there? Simply enough. He has been arrested as a spy by

the Spanish *sbirri*. They must have been very bad judges of physiognomy. A spy is a crafty being, whose apparent confidence and assumed tranquillity always more or less betray his circumspection and his fear. Our man is the very reverse ; he is indiscretion personified. Those that have seen his portrait, painted by himself, in the gallery at Dresden, will be in a position to judge how much he had in common with a professional *espion*.

“ Nevertheless, there he is safe enough under lock and key. Not that he takes the matter *au sérieux*. To beguile the tediousness of his imprisonment he intones now and then a snatch of a Dutch or Flemish patriotic song, or else empties enormous goblets of beer,—that is, when he can get them,—chaffs his gaolers, draws their caricatures on the walls ; in one word, plays the devil to such an extent that his next-door neighbor, a captive as well as he, and who is no less a personage than Albert de Ligne, Prince de

Barbancon, Comte d'Aigremont and de la Roche, Knight of the Golden Fleece, etc., becomes interested in him, and obtains, by his influence, the permission of the governor that Brauwer shall come and keep him (the prince) company.

"Next day finds the newly made friends seated at the same table, a large apoplectic jug of amber-tinted beer between them ; in the distance, through the small windows, appears at intervals the tan-colored face of some Castilian or Austrian, some *caballero*, as noble as the King of Spain himself, but obliged to occupy the humiliating position of warder to the Flemings — these '*Gueux*,' as they contemptuously call them, never dreaming that these beggars would almost become their masters in a few years.

"The prince is recounting his adventures of love and war :

" ' Twice he fights his battles over,
Thrice he slays the slain.' "

“The painter narrates the story of his young and checkered, though not altogether joyless, life. While still young, he designed flowers and birds on caps, which his mother sold to the peasant women to buy bread ; but even as a child he was already fond of accompanying his father to the ale-house, and *à humer le piot*, as Rabelais has it.

“He tells him how Hals, struck by his precocious talents, offered to teach him ; how he began to instruct him in the various technicalities, which the most happy genius, if left to itself, could never master, and which can be taught by experience alone ; how, when his master saw that his lessons were bearing fruit, he changed his conduct toward him, at the suggestion of Mrs. Hals, a pitiless Megaera, who made him isolate the boy away from his comrades ; how he was shut up in a miserable garret, with hardly any clothes to cover him, and where, almost starved to death, he was forced, day after

day, to throw off small pictures, which were sold by Hals at a great price, and of the merits of which he (Brauwer) was absolutely ignorant ; how, following the example of their elder, his fellow-pupils bought drawings of him, which they paid for at the rate of a penny a figure, and which they afterward disposed of for hundreds of guilders ; how, tired of such an existence, he made his way, at the instigation of Van Ostade, his only true friend, to Amsterdam, where he arrived, footsore and penniless, but full of confidence in his youth and the future ; how he sold his first great work, ‘A Quarrel between Peasants and Soldiers,’ to M. de Vernandois, who gave him a hundred ducats for it ; how that gentleman told him that his productions were already noted and valued ; how he was stupefied by the, to him, enormous sum, and, in the exuberance of his feelings, ran home, emptied the bag of gold on his pallet, and rolled himself round in it ;

how he spent it in ten days, exclaiming, when the last piece was gone, ‘Thank God, I have got rid of that load, and feel all the lighter for it.’

“Much more does he tell, which space forbids me to reproduce in detail ; but throughout the whole tale he shows the same philosophical *espièglerie*, which never left him till his death.

“He flavors his *récit* with sundry anecdotes, some of which are so good that I cannot forbear to retail one or two.

“Shortly after his first picture was sold, his parents, to whom he was very good, expostulated with him upon the meanness of his attire. Forthwith he goes to the tailor and orders a splendid *justaucorps* of velvet, a cloak embroidered with gold lace and satin, and everything to match. The change produced its effect immediately. He received an invitation to a wedding party. In the midst of the dinner, while all the guests are at

table, he chooses a dish, the sauce of which appears to him the richest, and throws it over his garments, apostrophising them thus ; 'It's you that ought to fare the best, because you, not I, were invited.' Diogenes could not have surpassed the severity of the reproof.

"One more, and I resume my sketch.

"After being robbed of everything he possessed, he returns to Amsterdam in a most pitiable state. He provides himself, on credit, with a suit of plain linen, covers it, by the aid of his brush, with the most delicious flowers, and takes a walk in the public promenade. Every one's, but especially the ladies', attention is drawn upon him, and he is pestered with requests for the address of the manufacturer of the material. His answer is a sponge and some water. With a few strokes he restores *l'île de satin* of the curé of Meudon.

"Thus chat the prince and the artist. The

Adrian Brauwer and his Models

From painting by Georg Papperitz



former encourages him with cheering words, and stimulates him to work. Brauwer asks for brushes and colors, and reproduces, there and then, on the canvas a sketch of the soldiers who are guarding them, sitting at play in the next room.

“The picture finished, Albert de Ligne, mistrustful of his own judgment, sends for Rubens, who no sooner caught sight of it than, like Praxiteles of old, when Apelles had been to visit him in his absence, and left, as the only sign of his call, a figure drawn on the wall, he exclaimed, ‘This is Brauwer’s! No one could have treated a scene with so much dash and perfection.’ And on the spot he offers six hundred guilders for it.

“The reader may easily imagine that the Prince de Barbancon did not part with his little treasure.

“The Lord of Stein did not stop there. He took steps to obtain Brauwer’s freedom, lodged him in his own house, admitted him

to his table, and provided for all his wants. But the inveterate Bohemianism of Adriaan could not reconcile itself to the regularity of the great painter's household. The elegance of the latter's manner, the high-bred tone of his usual companions and friends, were insupportable to Brauwer, whose every movement, whose lightest words were at variance and in discord with his present surroundings. He already began to regret his garret at Haarlem, where, at least, no one censured his doings or criticised his bearing. Unable to hold out any longer, he sells his clothes, flees from his benefactor as from a tyrant, and replunges with ecstasy into disorder and debauch."

Georg Papperitz, born at Dresden in 1846, has painted many popular pictures, among which may be mentioned "Richard Wagner at Bayreuth," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Queen of Heaven."

VAN DYCK

“IN the month of April Van Dyck was in London ‘for good.’ He found a temporary home with his friend Geldorp in Blackfriars. All the precinct was astir at the coming to the peculiar home of artists in London of one of the foremost men of all his time. Shortly, Whitehall was astir also ; king and painter stood in the presence of each other. Van Dyck was a cavalier in bearing, with tact and taste. To such a man Charles was, of course, gracious. The monarch lodged the artist at the expense of the Crown (otherwise, at the cost of the people). Inigo Jones was commissioned to fashion a dwelling for him in Blackfriars, and a country house at Eltham. Ere a few months had passed, the artist, thus housed by a sovereign, was named ‘Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty.’ That knighthood was added to his employment.

yet not wanted to dignify it, was a natural consequence. Charles not only touched Van Dyck gaily on the shoulder, but threw over it a gold chain, from which hung the king's portrait, surrounded by diamonds.

“Van Dyck had earned the honor by glorious work. Within a few months of his arrival he had painted a large family picture, representing the king, queen, Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary, for one hundred pounds. He had, moreover, executed the portraits of the king, the French king's brother, the Archduchess Isabella, the Prince and Princess of Orange, at twenty pounds each. For the same reward he painted a ‘Vitellius,’ and for a fourth of the sum he ‘mended’ a Galba. A warrant was issued for the payment of the total. This payment, the knighthood, the chain, and the ‘diamond portrait,’ were graceful acknowledgments of merit. Van Dyck, seeing that the king was resolved to treat him as a gen-

tleman, was equally resolved to act up to the standard, and live like a prince.

“ But he worked like a *man* to enable him to keep this state. . . .

“ Van Dyck and fashion ruled the hour. His studio in Blackfriars was graced with as noble company as Whitehall ; indeed, with the same company. The king himself was often there, and with him the artist’s other illustrious, and perhaps more liberal, patrons, Strafford, Northumberland (no longer in the Tower), Pembroke, Somerset, and a dozen other of the splendid nobility of the time. Fancy may reproduce that studio, with its aristocratic inmates, silent in the presence of Charles, but loud enough in his absence, or with his license to speak, being present. Some paid homage of ultra-gallantry to Margaret Leman. Others gave words of condescending praise, now and then, to Van Dyck’s accomplished assistants, who, at various times, were to be found schooling themselves in his

studio, and learning how to add value to their works by giving to them the name of their master.

“Van Dyck was as much at his ease in the palaces and noble homes of England as princes and nobles were in the painter’s studio.”

Though impartial history forbids us to accept Charles I. as having been all that his portraits by Van Dyck tempt us to believe, the cavalier king was a true and loving husband, and a fond father to his children.

Of them Van Dyck painted several groups, some of which remain among the best productions of the great Flemish artist.

Herr Schneider has given us a picture of Van Dyck at work upon the portraits of the three eldest children of Charles. The king’s eldest son, afterward Charles II., stands near the easel, his sister Mary is playing with a dog, and James, Duke of York, the youngest

Van Dyck Painting the Children of Charles I.
from painting by Hermann Schneider



of the three, is being coaxed by some of the ladies-in-waiting to pose for the painter, with an apple in his hands.

In the gallery at Turin may be seen a superb group by Van Dyck which depicts these three infants, and was painted in 1635. Charles in a scarlet dress lays his hand upon the head of a fine dog; next him is the Princess Mary in white satin, and then comes Master James, — unfortunate king-to-be, — wearing a quaint cap and a blue silk frock, and holding an apple between his hands. It is this last little figure which, separated from the painted group or reproduced from the drawing, we see so often under the name of "Baby Stuart." Jules Guiffrey says of this picture that "Such a work would alone suffice for the glory of a museum."

The royal collection at Windsor has a group by Van Dyck, done in 1637, which includes two more of the children of Charles and Henrietta Maria. These are Elizabeth

and Anne, two princesses who did not live to reach womanhood.

The little Anne died in the winter of 1640, at the age of four years, and a touching story is related of her last moments. Just before her death, being told that she ought to pray, the little innocent answered that she did not think she could say her long prayer (meaning the Lord's Prayer), but she would say her short one, and repeated, "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death."

Princess Elizabeth, after being imprisoned in St. James's Palace, was carried to Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, after her father's execution. Here, with her little brother, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, as her only companion, she lived until the 8th of September, 1650, when she fell a victim to a fever. "She expired alone," says one writer, "sitting in her apartments at Carisbrooke Castle, her fair cheek resting on a Bible — the last gift of her murdered father,

and which had been her only consolation in the last sad months of her life." Elizabeth was in her fifteenth year only. She was buried at Newport, where Queen Victoria erected a memorial to her in the church.

Van Dyck painted a picture, now at Amsterdam, of her elder sister, Mary, when ten years old, standing beside her future husband, William, Prince of Orange, a handsome boy of about eleven. He died suddenly, of smallpox, when only twenty-two, and three days later Mary became the mother of a son, afterward William III. of England.

Charles II. was painted several times when a boy by Van Dyck. Miss Strickland, in her life of Henrietta Maria, prints a letter from the queen to her old friend, Madame St. George, written soon after the birth of Charles.

"This letter proves that Henrietta, despite of the proverb which affirms that even the crows think their own nestlings fair, was not

blind to the fact that her boy was a fright. The likeness of some tawny Provençal ancestor of Henri Quatre must have revived in the person of the Prince of Wales, for the elegant Charles I. and the beautiful Henrietta had no right to expect so plain a little creature as their first born. It is amusing enough to read the queen's description of the solemn ugliness of her fat baby:

“‘The husband of the nurse of my son going to France about some business of his wife, I write you this letter by him, believing that you will be very glad to ask him news of my son, of whom I think you have seen the portrait that I sent to the queen my mother. He is so ugly, that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the *gentleman*, for he has no ordinary mien; but he is so serious in all that he does, that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself.’”

GUIDO

It may safely be asserted that the best known picture by Guido is the head of Beatrice Cenci, in the Barberini Palace, at Rome, and it is also without doubt one of the most widely famous portraits ever painted — perhaps the most famous.

Shelley's tragedy of "The Cenci," and the words of Hawthorne and Dickens have done much to fix the touching face in the memories of English-speaking people. Hawthorne thought "no other such magical effect can ever have been wrought by pencil," and named it "the very saddest picture ever painted or conceived;" and Dickens called it "a picture almost impossible to be forgotten."

Shelley wrote that "The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna Palace is most admirable as a work of art; it was taken by

Guido during her confinement in prison. But it is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of nature. There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features ; she seems sad and stricken-down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate ; the eyebrows are distinct and arched ; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death scarcely could extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear ; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping, and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity which,

Guido Painting Beatrice Cenci in Prison

From painting by Achille Leonardi



united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic."

There are two forms of the tradition which relates that Guido painted the portrait of Beatrice Cenci just before her execution. The first — which has been adopted by the artist who painted our picture — affirms that Guido drew the head of the condemned girl in her cell; the second has it that he made a sketch of Beatrice while she was on her way to the scaffold.

One dislikes to aid in destroying illusions so long and so widely accepted, but regard for truth forces us to point out that Guido could not have painted the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, as she was put to death on September 11, 1599, and the painter did not go to Rome until several years after that time. Furthermore, it is highly improbable that the picture represents Beatrice Cenci at all, one weighty reason for this being that, as Sweetser claims, it does not agree in various

important particulars with the description given of her in a contemporary manuscript in the Cenci archives. No reference to the portrait has been found in any book or document dated previous to the nineteenth century. The learned Signor Bertolotti, director of the state archives in Rome, could find no mention of the portrait in the old catalogue of the Barberini collection made in 1604, nor in any of the numerous catalogues of other Roman galleries, which he examined with tireless pertinacity. No one knows how or when it was first reputed to be the portrait of the ill-fated heroine of Shelley's tragedy.

Some critics go farther and aver that Guido did not paint the picture, pointing out that none of the contemporary biographers of Guido mention it, which would be singular if it were really the work of the master. Malvasia, the painter's intimate friend, gives a long list of his pictures, including those then in the Colonna and Barberini Palaces, but

makes no allusion to a work of this character. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, a brother of the famous novelist and long a resident of Italy, believes it, however, to be by Guido, and contends that it is the head of a favorite model which appears in others of the master's works, notably in his celebrated fresco of "Aurora," in the Rospigliosi Palace.

These vexed questions may never be settled, but the century-old popularity of this exquisite face will probably not diminish, and the so-called "Beatrice Cenci" still be the object of many a pilgrimage.

PAUL POTTER

ONE of the most famous pictures in the world is Paul Potter's "Young Bull," in the Museum at The Hague. In the time of the Napoleonic wars, it was carried off to Paris by the French, and according to one authority was considered as fourth in value

among all the pictures in the Louvre; the three which ranked before it being Raphael's "Transfiguration," Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," and Titian's "Martyrdom of St. Peter." Yet it is not to be ranked among the best works of Potter, but is remarkable rather as the production of a young man of but twenty-two years, and as one of the few large pictures which he painted.

Fromentin, admirable both as a critic and an artist, says: "When he painted the 'Bull' in 1647, Paul Potter was only twenty-three years old. He was a very young man, and according to what is common among men of twenty-three, he was a mere child. To what school did he belong? To none. Had he had masters? No other teachers of his are known but his father, Pieter Simonsz Potter, an obscure painter, and Jacob de Weth, of Haarlem, who also had not knowledge enough to act upon a pupil for good or evil. Paul

Potter found then, either around his cradle or in the studio of his second master, nothing but simple advice and no doctrine ; but, strange to say, the pupil asked nothing further. Till 1647 Paul Potter lived between Amsterdam and Haarlem, that is, between Frans Hals and Rembrandt, in the heart of the most active, the most stirring art, the richest in celebrated masters that the world has ever known, except in Italy in the preceding century. Teachers were not wanting ; there was only the embarrassment of choice. Wynants was forty-six years old ; Cuyp, forty-two ; Terburg, thirty-nine ; Ostade, thirty-seven ; Metzu, thirty-two ; Wouvermans, twenty-seven ; Berghem, who was about his own age, was twenty-three. Many of them, even the youngest, were members of the brotherhood of St. Luke. Finally, the greatest of all, and the most illustrious, Rembrandt, had already produced the 'Night Watch,' and he was a master who might have

been a temptation. But what did Paul Potter do? Had he co-disciples? None are seen. His friends are unknown. He was born, but we hardly know the year with exactitude. He awoke early; at fourteen years signed a charming etching; at twenty-two, though ignorant on many points, he was of unexampled maturity in others. He labored, and produced work upon work, and some of them were admirable. He accumulated them in a few years with haste and abundance, as if death was at his heels, and yet with an application and a patience which make this prodigious labor seem a miracle. He was married at an age young for another, very late for him, for it was on July 3, 1650, and on August 4, 1654, four years after, death took him, possessing all his glory, but before he had learned his trade. What could be simpler, briefer, more complete? Take genius and no lessons, brave study, an ingenuous and learned production resulting

from attentive observation and reflection, add to this a great natural charm, the gentleness of a meditative mind, the application of a conscience burdened with scruples, the melancholy inseparable from solitary labor, and possibly the sadness of a man out of health, and you have nearly imagined Paul Potter."

It may be doubted if any artist of equal fame died as young as Paul Potter, unless we except Masaccio, whose work was stopped at an even earlier age. "He reposes in the very reverse of the quiet scenes he loved so well to depict. All around is the bustle of life, the throng of commerce, the din of busy feet. The quaint and characteristic steeple peeps over tall warehouses, surrounding busy docks where produce is unladen from all quarters of the world. You cannot rest on the bridges which span the canal to reflect on the mausoleum of the painter, for the heavily laden cart is constantly moving with merchandise, or the quaint old coach, almost

noiselessly sliding on its sledge in place of wheels, might too dangerously disturb your reverie. There is something incongruous in seeking the grave of the pastoral painter in such uncongenial scenes; and in the very midst of 'life's fitful fever' to find the grave of one who revelled in 'fresh fields and pastures new;' who studied them with a poet's love, and delineated them with a love of nature, and who should have slept where trees shadow and flowers garnish the sod.

"An artist like Potter is a *creator* of a style; his genius enables him not only to delineate what he sees, but to express the hidden sentiment which gives the charm to nature itself. He has gone below the surface. He has been thus contrasted with painters of his school by a modern critic: 'Others have painted cows, oxen, well-drawn sheep, all well colored and painted. He alone has seized their expression, the physiognomy of their inner existence, of their instinct. We admire

The Studio of Paul Potter
From painting by Eugene Le Poittevin



the flocks and herds of Berghem, of Van der Velde, of Karel Dujardin ; we are touched by those of Paul Potter.'

"It should ever be remembered that it is to the artists of Holland we owe a relief from the trammels of the mere 'academic' school. It is to their love of nature, and persevering study of her beauties that we are indebted for a purely natural series of pictures, which rely alone for immortality on their true reflection of her varied beauties. The world as it lay around us was long a book unstudied in the flights of fancy after the ideal. To them was given the power of discovering the gold that is hidden amid the dross ; the poetry that is in humble nature ; the sentiment that lurks beneath the simplest form. They *created* therefore a new school of art, and a school which might successfully appeal to all, by the simplicity of its sphere of action. The minute traits of nature in their pictures resemble the charming traits of her features

which delight us in the poetry of Shakespeare or of Burns. As the 'lush woodbine' or the 'mountain daisy' could gladden the hearts of these noble poets into song, so the changing aspects of the sky could elevate into grandeur the simplest elements of Rembrandt's pictures, and the level meads and happy cattle of Paul Potter give a sentiment of happiness to the spectator, like that felt by Goethe's 'Faust,' when, tired of all the artificial glories of life, he feels his loftiest emotions arise from the contemplation of the fertile fields and happy peasantry around him. Truly —

“ ‘ One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,’

and while this cosmopolitan relationship exists, the Dutch painters will find admirers.”

The painter of “The Studio of Paul Potter” was born at Paris in 1806, and died at Auteuil in 1870. Three battle-pieces by him are at Versailles, and the French gov-

ernment bought his "View near Etretat in the Bathing-season." He painted also "The Studio of Van der Velde," "Adriaan Brauwer Painting a Tavern Child," "The Sinking of the *Le Vengeur*," "Winter in Holland," "Fishermen Saving a Wreck," and "Lighting a Beacon in Holland."

VELAZQUEZ

INSTANCES of the condescension—as it was thought—of monarchs in their intercourse with artists are common enough. Tradition affirms that Alexander the Great relinquished Campaspe to Apelles, who had fallen in love with her as she sat to him for the figure of the goddess in his picture of Venus Anadyomene. The same more or less trustworthy authority asserts that Francis I. supported the head of Leonardo da Vinci during the painter's last moments, and that Charles V. did not disdain to lift the brush of Titian from the

floor — both episodes, by the way, illustrated herein. Art received another tribute from royalty when Philip IV. painted the Red Cross of Santiago on the breast of Velazquez's doublet in his picture of "The Maids of Honor."

Stirling says: "This pleasing tradition is not altogether overthrown by the fact that Velazquez was not invested with the order till three years afterward; for the production of a pedigree and other formalities were necessary to the creation of a knight, obstacles which might be overlooked by the king, enraptured with his new picture, and yet stagger a college of arms for several years." In this connection Armstrong remarks that "Palomino states that the cross in the picture was added by the king's order after the painter's death. In spite of all this the tradition may be true, for Spanish proceedings were never prompt, and the king would certainly not have troubled to do more than roughly indicate the cross with his brush;

the present well-painted badge being added as Palomino says.’”

However this may be, the picture painted in 1656 is, by the consent of the majority of those best qualified to judge, placed second to none among the masterpieces of Velazquez. Luca Giordano pronounced it to be “the theology of painting.” John Hay’s comment on this is: “If our theology were what it should be, and cannot be, absolute and unquestionable truth, Luca the quick-worker would have been right.” Theophile Gautier said: “So complete is the illusion that, standing in front of ‘Las Meninas,’ one is tempted to ask, ‘Where, then, is the picture?’”

Professor Carl Justi, one of the biographers of Velazquez, gives us the most complete account of the picture.

He says: “This great picture, at all times regarded as the master’s most renowned work, and most clearly impressed with the

stamp of his genius, is, strictly speaking, a portrait of Princess Margaret as the central figure in one of the daily recurring scenes of her palace life. The figure agrees perfectly with the Vienna work, only it is painted with more fiery rapidity, and the blonde complexion looks to better advantage in an environment treated with much dark blue.

“Her stepbrother Don Balthasar had been dealt with in a somewhat similar way in the ‘Riding-school.’ But the daily life of the young princess offered no such favorable scenes to the artist as those suggested by the more varied occupations of a prince fond of horsemanship and field sports. Her existence was passed in the secluded apartments of the *Cuarto de la Reina*, surrounded by all the restrictions of a relentless court etiquette. Madame de Motteville’s ‘Memoirs’ give us an account of a visit at the threshold of the Infanta Maria Theresa’s room: ‘She is waited on with great respect, few have access to

her, and it was a special favor that we were allowed to linger at the door of her chamber. When she is thirsty a *menin* (maid) brings a glass to a lady, who kneels, as does also the *menin*, and on the other side is also a kneeling attendant, who hands her the napkin ; opposite stands a maid of honor.'

"The passage reads almost like a description of our painting. Here the central figure is the little idol, at that time in her fifth year, constantly surrounded by ministering elfs, by trusty Ariels and submissive sprites, for she is depicted as the chief orb of a sphere where, light and shade, beauty and deformity, harmoniously combine to do her service.

"In Spain the picture bears the name of 'Las Meninas,' not without reason. The noble damsels were, at any rate for the Spaniards, the most attractive of all the figures, but they were the dark-eyed daughters of their race, lovely young blossoms of the

old Castilian stock. For this office in the royal family beauties were especially selected, and Madame d'Aulnoy, who saw them in the year 1680, calls them 'fairer than Love is painted.' In their curtsying and bending of the knee there lurks an innate grace that triumphs even over the unsightly costume of that period.

"So famous was the painting that the names of all the figures were duly recorded. The lady kneeling, in profile, is Doña Maria Agostina, daughter of Don Diego Sarmiento ; she holds a gold salver, from which she hands the princess the water in a red cup made of *bucaro*, a fine scented clay brought from the East Indies. The other, facing her and curtsying slightly, is Doña Isabel de Velasco, daughter of Don Bernardino Lopez de Ayala y Velasco, Count of Fuensalida. She grew up to a womanhood of rare beauty, but died three years later.

"These maids of honor attended on the



The Maids of Honor
From painting by Velazquez



queen and on the princesses from their infancy to the time when they assumed the *chapin*, or slippers, worn by the young ladies. The *meninas* themselves wore low shoes and a kind of high-heeled sandals, which, like *galoches*, were worn over the others; both in the palace and outside they went without hat or cloak.

“On the right, and more to the front of Doña Isabel, are two figures of quite a different type, who form in the foreground a group apart, jointly with the sculpturesque-looking mastiff, crouched half asleep at the edge of the frame; for these playthings are, after all, themselves mere domestic animals in human form. With the Cerberus at the threshold are naturally associated the two grotesque figures of Maria Barbola and Nicolasico Pertusato, who served to complete our master’s gallery of court dwarfs, and who have suggested Wilkie’s description of the work as the ‘Picture of the Children in

Grotesque Dresses.' Pertusato has planted his foot on the dog, as if to remind him that it is unseemly to slumber in the presence of royalty, while the other, round as a tub, gives the spectator a full view of her broad, depressed, almost brutal countenance.

"Farther back, in the gloom produced by the closed shutters, two court officials are conversing with bated breath — the *señora de honor*, Doña Marcela de Ulloa, in the convent habit, and a *guardadamas* (ladies' guard), whose duty it was to ride with the coaches of the court ladies, and conduct the audiences. Then, quite in the rear, at the open door, stands Don Joseph Nieto, the queen's quartermaster, drawing the curtain aside.

"Such a grouping as this can have resulted only by chance. Such every-day scenes, even when in themselves suited for pictorial treatment, pass unnoticed because of their constant occurrence, unless, indeed, the artist

be a stranger. Chance alone, which Leonardo da Vinci tells us is of a pictorial composition. It happened that on one occasion, when the royal couple were giving a sitting to their court painter in his studio, Princess Margaret was sent for to relieve their Majesties' weariness. The light which, after the other shutters had been closed, had been let in from the window on the right for the sitters, now also streamed in upon their little visitor. At the same time Velazquez requested Nieto to open the door in the rear, in order to see whether a front light also might be available.

"Thus the king sat there, relieved from councils and affairs of state, and yielding to his paternal feelings in the midst of the family circle. Then it occurred to him, being himself half an artist, that something like a pictorial scene had developed before his eyes. He muttered: 'That is a picture;' the next moment the desire arose

to see this perpetuated, and without more ado, the painter was at work on the sketch of his *recuerdo* (memento). In the case of *recuerdos*, details should be faithfully recorded, just as they had been casually brought together.

“Hence the peculiar character of the composition, which as an invention would be inexplicable. It is, so to say, a *tableau vivant*, and the figures might certainly have been more naturally and effectively grouped in a semicircle about the canvas on the easel. But they were not in fact at the moment mingled in a single group; the royal couple, although invisible to the observer, were in the immediate vicinity. Thus the princess, while taking the *bucaro*, glances toward her mother; Doña Isabel looks with a curtesy in the same direction; Maria Barbola hangs with the eyes of a trusty watch-dog on those of her mistress; the *guardadamas*, while listening to Doña Marcela’s whisperings, keeps an eye on

the king ; lastly, Nieto turns at the door with an inquiring look.

“ In a word, we see the company as one sees the audience in the pit from the stage, and precisely from the standpoint of the king, who is reflected in the mirror on the wall by the side of the queen. He had seated himself opposite this mirror in order to be able to judge of his posture. It may, however, be incidentally remarked that nothing is known of any work in which he appears actually on the same canvas with Mariana.

“ In this instantaneous picture the artist himself had also, of course, to be taken. He stands at his easel, but slightly concealed by the kneeling figure in front, his head dominating the whole group. In his right hand he holds the long brush, in his left the palette and painter's stick. The hand, like those of this picture generally, is exquisitely painted, the motion of the fingers being distinctly indicated by four strokes of the brush.

"On his breast he wears the Red Cross of Santiago. According to the legend, Philip, on the completion of the painting, had reserved a royal surprise for its creator. Remarking that it still lacked something, he seized the brush and added this red cross. The anecdote has been questioned, because the preliminary formalities connected with the conferring of the order date from two years later. But although, according to Palomino, the cross was added by order of the king after Velazquez's death, it may still have possibly been associated with the work at the time. Certainly this was the first precedent for the figure of a painter, even though a palace marshal, to be introduced in a canvas depicting the intimate family circle of royalty. Hence it may have seemed proper for him also to be promoted to a higher degree of nobility for the occasion."

It is of interest to learn, on the weighty authority of Curtis, that the "Maids of

Honor" contains the best and most authentic portrait of its painter, the only one whose history can be traced back to the time of the artist.

POUSSIN

"Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!"

THE sentiment of Byron's striking line reëchoes the master passion of Poussin, to whom Rome became as his life. His first sojourn in the Eternal City reached to sixteen years; then the generous offers of Richelieu and the express wish of Louis XIII. brought Poussin to Paris. But only for a short space could the artist contentedly breathe the air of France — though it was that of his native land. The opposition of envious rivals still firmer fixed his intention to return to his beloved Italy, and the next year after the one which saw him in Paris beheld him again at Rome — never to return.

“At Monte Pincio he continued for the next three and twenty years to live a tranquil, laborious, uneventful life. His days were regular and well ordered. After breakfast he generally walked to the top of the hill, by an ascent delightfully shaded and ornamented with fountains. Here he had a fine view over Rome, and often met and conversed with friends. Returned to his house, he worked until the evening, when he again went out walking in the square at the base of the hill. Here he became the centre of a group in which strangers freely joined, and where the conversation embraced all kinds of subjects, but chiefly ran upon art. He had read and thought so much, and had so orderly a mind, that what he said seemed carefully prepared beforehand. He inclined to the tone of the ancient philosopher, and loved to express himself sententiously. To a young artist who showed him his work, ‘You want nothing,’ he said, ‘to become a

great painter, except a little poverty.' Walking one day among the ruins with a foreigner desirous of taking home with him some precious fragment, 'I wish,' said Poussin, 'to give you the finest antiquity you could desire.' Then collecting from among the grass a little sand and some broken cement, mingled with morsels of porphyry, he gave it to his companion, saying, 'Signor, take this back with you and say, "This dust is ancient Rome."'

"He thought so little of making money that he generally worked for the same persons, refusing to take more than he conceived his pictures were worth, or than his employer could afford to pay. On one occasion, when there was a considerable rise in the value of money, he of his own accord made a great reduction in his price. His acquisitiveness found its satisfaction in the pursuit of every kind of knowledge that would advance his art. Asked one day how

he had arrived at such perfection, he ingeniously replied, 'Because I have neglected nothing;' in proof of which he gave ocular demonstration, for he was carrying in his hand a pocket-handkerchief full of stones, mosses, and flowers, which he had been collecting on the banks of the Tiber. In this progress toward perfection he persevered to the last. 'A swan's dying note,' he said, 'should be her sweetest.' And even when his hand began to grow feeble he wrote: 'I could, I believe, guide it better than ever, but I have too much reason to say with Themistocles, sighing over the end of his life, "Man declines and departs when he is ready to do well." I do not, therefore, lose courage, for as long as the head remains in health, the servant, though weak, will observe the better and more excellent parts of art which belong to the domain of the master.'"

Miss Denio, to whom we owe a valuable work on Poussin, says: "Long stay in Italy

Poussin on the Banks of the Tiber
From painting by François Leon Benouville



did not denationalize him ; to the end he remained a good Frenchman. Italians, as well as Frenchmen, honored the man and artist ; perhaps the former esteemed him more justly. About the time of Nicolas Poussin's death, a cult began of this artist, so extravagant in its nature, that the jarring voice of censure could not be heard amid the excessive praises at his shrine. Nowadays it seems easier to find flaws in the art-works of this great master than in his character. As a human being he must have had faults. He loved deeply and kept his friends. These attachments to patrons who were also his cherished friends and sincere admirers, form a most interesting part of the story. But Nicolas Poussin was not a meek man. He had no patience with incompetent or lazy people. He saw through shams, and used very apt words to characterize them. He could, perhaps, forgive, but not forget an injury. This was noticed in the account of

the scourging picture, 'Hercules Striking down Folly, Ignorance, and Envy.' Two of the three brothers-in-law, and their sister with her four children, received bequests from the painter, but Gaspard Dughet, who had offended him, was cut off without a penny. Matthias Letellier, the elder of the two grand-nephews in Les Andelys, lost everything, owing to his want of tact while visiting his uncle. His brother Jean was made heir, and a cousin, Françoise Letellier, and her children were also remembered. Nicolas Poussin held tenaciously to what he considered his rights. This appears in the correspondence between the painter and M. de Chantelou about the disposal of the house in the Tuileries gardens, when Poussin exhibited something of the dog-in-a-manger spirit. He liked solitude, yet was accessible to others, and gladly helped younger men if they showed themselves in earnest. His letters contain many petitions to friends and patrons,

asking help for other artists less well known and less fortunate than himself. A good anecdote is told by Felibien, illustrating the artist's contentment with his simple manner of living. One evening Cardinal Massimi came to see Poussin, and remained until late into the night, forgetful of time in the pleasure of conversation. At last he was compelled to leave, and his host lighted the way to the door, when the great man said: 'I am sorry for you that you have no valet to render such a service.' To which Poussin quickly answered: 'I am more sorry for you who have so many.' In his last years, when ill and weak, the painter grew very melancholy. After his wife's death he writes like one forsaken, as a stranger in a strange land. Perchance, as years increased, he may have become more dogmatic and dictatorial in the expression of his opinions. After the death of a dear friend, his virtues shine forth, petty features of character retire far into the

shade, and, as time goes on, become obliterated. Thus, in the history of Nicolas Poussin, we would emphasize his industrious, simple, and contented manner of life, as well as his pure, loving, and upright relations as husband and friend. The man is greater than the artist; he commands our respect and admiration."

The Scripture story of the infancy of the great Hebrew leader was treated several times by Poussin, two variants of the "Finding of Moses" by him being in the Louvre.

Benouville has imagined the artist as receiving the first suggestion for these works while sketching on the banks of the Tiber, near Rome, and observing a peasant woman bathing her unwilling infant in the historic stream.

The painter of this composition died at an early age, in his native city of Paris, in 1859, having been born there in 1821, and left behind him as his most important work a

picture of "St. Francis of Assisi Dying, Blessing his Native City," which is now in the Louvre. He also painted "Christian Martyrs Entering the Amphitheatre," "Raphael Seeing the Fornarina for the First Time," and "Joan of Arc." Benouville, who was a pupil of Picot, won the Grand Prize of Rome in 1845, and afterward received several medals in recognition of his merits.

CANO

THE life of the "Michael Angelo of Spain," as Cano has been called because of his ability to practise the sister arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, presents many points of interest.

When about fifty years old, he determined to become a priest, and leaving Madrid, took up his abode in his native city of Granada. "The stall of a minor canon in the cathedral falling vacant, he suggested to his friends in

the chapter, that it would be for the advantage of that body were an artist appointed, and permitted to exchange the choral duties of the preferment for the superintendence of the architecture and decorations of the church; and, on these terms, obtained a recommendation in his own behalf to the Crown. Philip IV., always ready to befriend a good artist, at once conferred the benefice upon Cano." "The remonstrances of the chapter of Granada against Cano's appointment as a minor canon, on the ground that his learning was insufficient, afforded Philip an occasion, which he did not let slip, of vindicating the dignity of art against the arrogance of the cloth. 'Were this painter,' he said, 'a learned man, who knows but that he might be Archbishop of Toledo? I can make canons like you at my pleasure, but God alone can make an Alonso Cano.' Thus, backed by royal favor, he took peaceable possession of his stall on the 20th of Feb-

ruary, 1652, and soon justified his election, and conciliated the canons by the diligent exercise of his pencil and his chisel for the embellishment of the stately cathedral."

Cano also worked for other churches and convents. At one time "the bishop of Malaga, being engaged in improving his cathedral-church, invited Cano to that city, for the purpose of designing a new tabernacle for the high altar, and new stalls for the choir. He had finished his plans very much to the prelate's satisfaction, when he was privately informed that the intendant of the works proposed to allow him a very trifling remuneration. 'These drawings,' said he, 'are either to be given away for nothing, or to fetch two thousand ducats,' and packing them up, he mounted his mule, and took the road to Granada. The niggardly intendant, learning the cause of his departure, became alarmed, and sending after him, agreed to pay him his own price for the plans."

Cano was wont to accept commissions from private individuals as well as from religious bodies, and was once employed by an auditor of the Royal Chancery, "who ordered the canon to model for him a statue, about a yard in height, of St. Anthony of Padua, desiring him to put forth all his skill. The work being finished, he went to see it, and after expressing his satisfaction, he carelessly asked the price. Cano demanded one hundred doubloons. Greatly astonished, and after a long pause, the auditor next inquired how many days' labor it had cost. 'Twenty-five,' replied Cano. 'Then it appears,' said the patron, 'that you esteem your labor at four doubloons a day?' 'You are but a bad accountant,' retorted the artist, 'for I have been fifty years learning to make such a statue as this in twenty-five days.' 'And I,' rejoined the auditor, 'have spent my youth and my patrimony on my university studies, and now, being auditor of Granada, a far

An Artist's Almsgiving
From painting by John Bagnold Burgess



nobler profession than yours. I earn each day a bare doubloon.' The old lay leaven began to work in the canon, and he remembered the words of Philip IV. 'Yours a nobler profession than mine!' cried he; 'know that the king can make auditors of the dust of the earth, but that God reserves to himself the creation of such as Alonso Cano!' and without waiting for further argument, he laid hold on St. Anthony, and dashed him to pieces on the floor, to the dismay of his devotee, who immediately fled, boiling with rage. To put such an affront upon a man in authority, says sagacious Palomino, was highly imprudent, especially upon an auditor of Granada, who is a little god upon earth; and still more when the matter might have been brought before the Holy Office, where small allowance would be made for the natural irritability of an artist, and for his sacristan-like irreverence, engendered by daily familiarity with saintly effigies. The

outraged functionary, however, took another sort of revenge. By his influence in the chapter, Cano's stall was declared vacant, because he had not qualified himself to hold it by taking orders within the given time."

The artist-canon was now obliged to appeal to the king, who, with his usual kindness toward men of talent, reinstated Cano in his benefice.

It is told of Cano that, when he lay on his death-bed, he put aside with disapprobation the rudely sculptured crucifix which was placed in his hand by the attending priest. "'My son,' said the good man, somewhat shocked by the action, 'what are you doing? This is the image of our Lord the Redeemer, by whom alone you can be saved.' 'So do I believe, father,' replied the dying man, 'yet vex me not with this thing, but give me a simple cross, that I may adore it both as it is in itself and as I can figure it in my mind.' His request being granted, 'he

died,' says Palomino, 'in a manner highly exemplary and edifying to those about him.' "

Cano died in comparative poverty, his last years having been spent in religious exercises and in giving aid to the poor. If, as was often the case, he found his purse unable to meet the demands made upon it in charity's name, he would present the needy applicant with a sketch which could readily be sold for a fair price.

The brush of the late Mr. Burgess, an English painter who depicted many scenes from Spanish life, has admirably realized for us an episode of this kind in Cano's career. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1886, and is now the property of the Reading Art Gallery. Its painter, John Bagnold Burgess, R. A., who came of a family of artists, was born in London in 1830, and died in 1897, leaving behind him many meritorious works. Among them are "Bravo, Toro!" "The Spanish Letter-

writer," "Pensioned Off," "The Student in Disgrace," "The Barber's Prodigy," and "The Meal at the Fountain." "Licensing the Beggars, Spain," is in the Royal Holloway College.

REMBRANDT

"The etcher's needle on its point
Doth catch what in the artist-poet's mind
Reality and fancy did create."

THUS wrote Vosmaer (Rembrandt's best biographer) of the art of which the great Dutchman is the chief glory. Hamerton, an accomplished etcher and an admirable writer on art, says, "Every art has its great representative master, and the representative etcher is Rembrandt. He was so constituted, and he so trained himself, as to become, in his maturity, the most consummate aquafortist who has hitherto appeared." A far greater etcher but less trustworthy authority

than Hamerton, Seymour Haden, asserts that "the history of Rembrandt is the history of the whole art of etching."

Koehler remarks that "Rembrandt was indeed the first artist who may truly be called modern. For not only is he a realist of the realists, but what makes him still more modern is his intense subjectivity. . . . What attracts us in Rembrandt is his intense humanity and the power he has of expressing it." Charles Blanc asserts that etching "attained its full expression, its value, its color, in the seventeenth century. Rembrandt was its inventor, its poet, its Shakespeare. It was he who made of a simple method an art." And Henri Delaborde says of Rembrandt, "he composes an eloquent and magical style with the most diverse elements, the familiar and the pompous, the vulgar and the heroic, and from this mixture results the admirable harmony of the whole."

It was to the Salon of 1861 that Gérôme contributed his picture of "Rembrandt," which Theophile Gautier has thus described :

"The light, falling from a high window and filtering through one of those frames covered with white paper, which engravers use to soften the glare of the copper, creeps over the table, touches the bottles filled with water or acid, diffuses itself through the chamber, and dies away in obscure corners in warm, mysterious half shadows. Rembrandt, clad in black and bending over the table, reflects the light on a plate in order to ascertain the depth of the incision. Nothing more. But here is genuine matter for a painter's brush : light concentrated on one point and diminishing by imperceptible degrees, starting with white and ending with bitumen. This is equal in value to any literary or *spirituelle* fancy, and Rembrandt himself has scarcely portrayed any other, in his pictures or his etchings. The plate which he is in



Rembrandt Etching
From painting by Jean Leon Gerome



process of biting probably depicts a scene of this *genre*. The Rembrandt is a marvel of delicacy, transparency, and effect. Never has M. Gérôme shown himself more of a colorist. This Pompeian, this painter *à l'encaustique*, this illuminator of Greek vases, has achieved at the first essay the absolute perfection of the Dutch masters."

Gérôme (born in 1824, and the best pupil of Paul Delaroche) is widely known in America, both because of the number of his pictures owned in the United States and from the fact that he has been the honored teacher of so many of our best painters — such as George de Forest Brush, Kenyon Cox, Edwin H. Blashfield, Frederick A. Bridgman, Wyatt Eaton, Abbott Thayer, and J. Alden Weir.

Few of our art-collectors lacked a Gérôme among their treasures. The late A. T. Stewart had three, "The Chariot Race," the "Gladiators," and "A Collaboration;" W. T. Walters owned another trio, "Diogenes," "Chris-

tian Martyrs," and that little tragedy called "The Duel after the Masked Ball;" Mrs. Morgan possessed the "Tulip Folly;" Miss Catharine Wolfe, the "Prayer in a Mosque — Old Cairo;" John Taylor Johnston, the "Death of Cæsar;" William H. Vanderbilt, the "Sword Dance" and the "Reception of the Great Condé by Louis XIV.;" J. H. Stebbins, "Louis XIV. and Molière;" John Hoey, "The Dance of the Almeh;" D. O. Mills, "Cleopatra before Cæsar;" Morris K. Jesup, "Dante;" and R. L. Kennedy, "Bonaparte in Egypt."

The other important works of Gérôme may be — in part — enumerated thus: "The Age of Augustus," "King Candaules," "Gladiators Saluting Cæsar," "Napoleon before the Sphinx," "The Prisoner," "Death of Marshal Ney," and "Golgotha."

Many well deserved honors have been bestowed on this distinguished artist, who has also gained high renown as a sculptor.

He has lately modelled a series of equestrian figures of singular merit — among them Julius Cæsar, Frederick the Great, Washington, and Bonaparte.

SALVATOR ROSA

AMONG those painters who were also poets is found Salvator Rosa.

In one spirited effusion he complains of the ill-fortune which pursued him during the early part of his career, in the following manner :

“ No truce from care, no pause from woe,
Fortune — for ever still my foe —
Seems not to know or to remember
I live and feel in every member ; —
Am nerve, flesh, spirit, pulse, and core,
And throb and ache at every pore.
Yet from my first-drawn sigh, through life,
I’ve waged with fate eternal strife ;
Have toil’d without reward or gain,
And woo’d the arts — but woo’d in vain.

For, while to Hope I fondly trust,
I scarce can earn my daily crust.
For me bright suns but vainly shine,
In vain the earth yields corn and wine.
Whene'er of peace I idly dream,
Discord is sure to rule supreme ;
Ventures my little bark to sea ?
Up springs a storm express for me :
My drench'd sails should I spread to dry,
Down pours a deluge from the sky :
Nay, should I seek those Indian plains
Whose sands are gold, — for all my pains,
I'd find transmuted into lead
The ore of the rich river's bed !
When, driv'n by Nature's pinching wants,
In the *Mercato's* coarse throng'd haunts
I higgling stand, spite of all care
I'm juggled of my frugal fare,
And find (my hard-made bargain done)
My pound of flesh, a pound of bone.
If forced I seek the princely state,
The domes of those we call the great,
Corruption's self my bribes will slight,
And find my *buona mano* light.
While, as I saunter through the court,
I grow the jesting page's sport ;
For threadbare cloaks meet no respect,
And challenge only cold neglect.

Out on my cloak ! The very Jews
To take the paltry pledge refuse ;
In every stall its credit's blown,
To the whole Ghetto too well known ;
And they who buy all ends and fags
Will not accept my well-worn rags !
By night, by day, my harass'd mind
No rest, no peace, no balm can find.
My waking thoughts are thoughts of care ;
My night-dreams — castles in the air !
While all around in pomp and state,
The meanest vessel gold, or plate,
No roof in country, shed in town,
Could I, alas ! e'er call my own :
Rich but in hope, and when that's fled,
An hospital reserves its bed.
In summer, when the dog-star glows,
I'm dress'd as though the Tiber froze.
For this you'll guess the ready reason —
I've but one suit for every season.
Yet, could I earn my daily pittance,
Fortune, I'd make thee an acquittance ;
I prize not toys, which ne'er should find
A place within the noble mind.
But my most ample means are scant
To meet life's simplest, humblest want.
Great God ! yet ' I'm a painter too,'
And can I find no cheering hue

To tinge this darksome sketch of life,
Where all is effort, evil, strife?
Oh, no! one sombre tint pervades,
My verdure browns, my sunbeams shades,
Sheds o'er the scenes eternal gloom,
And dims their lights and chills their bloom.
Yet when my frozen spirits play,
And fancy lends a genial ray,
My pencil in its wanton sport
Brings the well-freighted bark to port;
Bestows fair sites on whom I please,
Raises rich, leafy woods with ease;
But, of such varied wealth the maker,
I work and starve, without an acre.
Success, pursued, still seems to fly,
Hope's smile has still its kindred sigh;
Youth's joys are dull'd, its visions flown,
Yet friends still cry, 'Hope and work on;'
'Hope still, starve still;' — to say the best,
This counsel's but a sorry jest;
For, take it on Salvator's word,
Of the rich, noble, vulgar herd,
Few estimate, and few require,
The painter's zeal, the poet's fire.
The surest road to recompense
Is to conceal superior sense.
Better, far better meet our doom,
And sleep within the peaceful tomb,

Salvador Rosa

accompanying by Daniel Macise



Than cursed with wit, sense, worth, and spirit,
To trust to industry and merit —
Than live a beggar and a slave,
The scorn of every fool and knave."

The allusion in this poem to the artist's visits to the *mercato* in order to procure money for pressing needs by the sale of some of his sketches, suggested to Maclise the subject of the picture which is here reproduced. Maclise's biographer says that the suggestion was conveyed to him by a passage in the "Life of Salvator Rosa," written by the artist's clever countrywoman, Lady Morgan. The romantic and picturesque existence of Salvator had evidently a strong attraction for Maclise, who painted at least two other scenes from the life of the renowned Neapolitan. One of these was "Salvator Rosa and the Cognoscenti," and another depicted "Salvator Rosa Painting his Friend Masaniello." The last-named picture is now in the Carey collection at the

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

Daniel Maclise was born in Cork in 1811. He found his way to London in 1827, and became a student at the Royal Academy, on whose walls a picture from his hand first appeared in 1829. This was "Malvolio Affecting the Count," which was succeeded in after years by many fine works. His best-known pictures are, perhaps, "The Banquet Scene in 'Macbeth,'" "The Play Scene in 'Hamlet,'" "Caxton's Printing-office at Westminster," "The Origin of the Harp," and "Madeline after Prayer," the last being taken from Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes." Maclise's great frescoes of "The Death of Nelson," and "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo," are in the Houses of Parliament. Elected an academician in 1840, he declined the presidency of the Royal Academy in 1866, and died in 1870. Even so brief an account of him as

this must mention his close friendship with Charles Dickens, of whom he painted an admirable portrait, and whose touching tribute to Maclise was delivered at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy only a few weeks before the death of the great novelist. These words were the last spoken in public by Dickens.

TENIERS

It is a pleasant day at the "Bunch of Grapes" tavern, and newcomers are to be met with. The older of the two seated on a donkey has extracted a painting from his saddle-bags, and is animatedly expatiating on its merits to a possible purchaser, who is evidently a man of some substance—a "grave citizen." Beside him stands the fat landlady, with arms akimbo, and near this couple the innkeeper, pipe in hand, watches the younger artist engaged in sketching a

quaint little child who offers some green stuff to the patient ass. Hostler and serving maid peer over the youthful painter's shoulder as he works, and complete the group.

The would-be seller of the picture is the elder Teniers — the sketcher is his abler and more famous son, David Teniers, the second of the four painters who bore that name. Legend relates that at one time in their careers, father and son were in the habit of thus disposing of their work. But this could have been only for a comparatively short period, as the younger Teniers prospered early in life. He became a favorite of great people, among whom were Philip IV. of Spain, and Christina of Sweden, and, working industriously for half a century or so, had, at the end of his long life of over eighty years, produced an enormous number of pictures. Teniers is called by Ruskin "the painter of the pleasures of

the ale-house and card-table," and most of these works depict scenes of common life, — boors carousing, gambling, or fighting, village festivals, guard-houses, and tavern interiors, — but both portraits and landscapes may be found among them, and even mythological and sacred subjects are not wanting.

Referring to Teniers's variety and fecundity, F. G. Stephens writes :

"Of this extraordinarily energetic and prolific painter the records recently recovered by French and Low Country archæologists are extremely copious and curious. The time had come when the wild ascription to him of more than nine hundred pictures — many of which are crowded with figures at full length, surrounded by innumerable details, such as utensils, toys, weapons, armor, animals, furniture, architectural elements, and what not, to say nothing of landscape features, and finished with touches of ineffable spirit, firmness, and precision — should be

questioned. It is desirable that definite ideas should be attained of what in the prodigious assembly is to be accepted as his, and what awarded to others who bore his family name, as well as to those imitators and scholars (the terms were often due to one and the same person) who either worked for him and them, or were neither more nor less than servile copyists of the masterpieces of the most brilliant and accomplished artist of the Flemish school of the seventeenth century. . . .

“The impossibility of David II. having produced all the works ascribed to him by Smith, to say nothing of others not named in the great ‘Catalogue Raisonné,’ is manifest when we consider how highly he worked up his figures, and with what ineffable skill — the despair of all draughtsmen *per se* — he delineated armor, dresses, weapons, and still life at large, besides buildings and landscapes innumerable of details. The ‘Arque-

The Painters and the Connoisseurs
From painting by George Adolphus Storey



busiers' is perhaps the finest of its kind, but it is by no means the picture of Teniers which comprises the greatest number of complete and highly finished whole-length figures. Even the cold-blooded Wilkie, the only modern, except Messieurs Meissonier, Zamacoï's, and half a dozen Frenchmen of triumphant patience and indescribable skill, who has approached our master in this respect, said, 'I have also' (he meant likewise) 'seen some pictures by Teniers, which for clear touching certainly go to the height of human perfection in art; they make all other pictures look misty beside them.' What that 'clear touching' was, which went to the height of human perfection, may be seen in such instances as the queen's Teniers called 'The Drummer,' well known in Europe as 'Le Tambour Battant,' and dated 1657. Compared with the armor lying on our right in this canvas, the execution of which is as veracious as it is magis-

tral, nothing Wilkie left us is equal. Only a few Dutchmen and Flemings of the seventeenth century, Van Eyck and Memlinc of the fifteenth century, and the above-named Frenchmen of our own age, have approached this triumph, which I select as an example not only of finish and 'clear touching,' but of *finesse*, and, above all, of breadth, veracity, and solidity. Merely to toil over such still life as this is not to come near the honor of Teniers II. . . .

"To a man who worked in this wonderful manner, Smith and the collectors have awarded a host of pictures. I say nothing of his invention and higher capacities, or of the genius which, with force and wizardry almost equal to Breughel's, affected incantations, *diablerie*, and the like — a genius which revelled in guard-houses with soldiery and sutlers, got as drunk as possible at *ker-messes*, danced wildly at feasts of the rich and poor, played at cards and bowls with

peasants, gambled with swashbucklers, and attended the labors of armorers, chemists, smiths, clerks, students, women, surgeons, and tooth-drawers.

“Smith enumerated 903 pictures by David Teniers II. Although the Marvel of Cataloguers recorded some of these twice over, — *e. g.*, his 96 is the same as the above-named No. 20 and the supplement No. 24, and thus that work stands for three, — the total is monstrous. To his followers, relations, and namesakes (especially to his father) we may fairly attribute the majority, if not all the inferior instances and small things out of counting. Their lives have been absorbed in the fruits of his. The ablest of his imitators were Apshoven, Ryckaert, Van Helmont, De Houdt, and F. Duchatel. Nevertheless, when these worked independently, we have little difficulty in recognizing the works of each man. Perhaps Zorg, likewise, might have produced

some 'Tenierses' before he started for himself. Long as was the life of David II., and great as was his success, we cannot accept more than two hundred paintings of all kinds as due to him wholly, or even largely. It is known that most of the above-named artists worked for him, while some of them lived with him. It is to be hoped that the handsome Château de Perck, near Mechlin, of which he painted the portrait now in the National Gallery, was not maintained by 'sweating' his assistants. His life was indeed long and industrious."

The picture of the two Teniers is the work of George Adolphus Storey, A. R. A., who was born in London in 1834, and studied at the Royal Academy schools. In 1864 he exhibited "The Meeting of William Seymour with Lady Arabella Stuart in 1609," a picture which brought him prominently into notice, and was followed by another historical subject, entitled "The Royal Challenge," but

since then his art has been mainly shown in the productions of portraits of fair women and children, either in their own proper character or under some fanciful and charming disguise, and of some admirable bits from the life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. To the latter class belong "After You," "Scandal," "The Old Soldier," and "The Old Pump-room at Bath;" to the former, "Little Swansdown," "Lilies, Oleanders, and the Pink," "Sweet Margery," and "Mistress Dorothy." The last-named picture was shown at the Centennial exhibition in 1876, together with Mr. Storey's "Only a Rabbit."

WREN

"A VARIETY of knowledge proclaims the universality, a multiplicity of works the abundance, St. Paul's the greatness of Sir Christopher's genius," said Horace Walpole

of the great architect who poised the noble dome of London above the great city.

Begun in 1675, St. Paul's Cathedral was completed in thirty-five years' time, at a cost of about £750,000, which was defrayed by a tax on coal. Wren's salary as architect was but £200 a year. As with many architects, before and since his time, his genius was hampered by the interference of those who possessed power without knowledge, or influence unguided by justice. The following extract from the most authoritative life of Wren yet published tells something of the obstacles placed in the architect's path.

“During this time Sir Christopher, now formally appointed architect of St. Paul's with a modest salary of £200 a year, had busied himself in designs for the future cathedral. Every one, whether qualified or not, gave their opinion about the designs. The first, which was ‘a fabrick of moderate bulk, but of good proportion, a convenient

quire, with a vestibule and portico, and a dome conspicuous above the houses,' was planned by Wren at a time when the cathedral fund was very small, and the chances of increasing it appeared but slender. This design was rejected as deficient in size and grandeur. After this, in order to find out what style of building was really desired, Wren made several sketches 'merely for discourse sake,' and perceiving that the generality had set their hearts upon a large building, he designed one with which he was himself satisfied, considering it 'a design antique and well studied, conformable to the best style of Greek and Roman architecture.' The design was greatly admired by those who understood the matter, and they begged Sir Christopher to let them see it in a model. Wren accordingly made a large one, apparently with his own hands, in wood, with all the intended ornaments properly carved. Its ground plan was that of a Greek cross, the choir was

circular, it had a very short nave, and no aisles. Externally there was a handsome portico, one small dome immediately behind it, and over the centre of the cross a larger dome. Within it would have been as beautiful as it was original, with the eight smaller domes, not seen outside, encircling the central dome. The Duke of York, on seeing the plan, complained much of the absence of side oratories, such as are common in most foreign cathedrals, and insisted upon their being added. Sir Christopher knew that such a change would cramp the building and break the beauty of the design to a degree that went to his heart. He shed tears in attempting to change the duke's opinion. The latter was, as ever, obstinate, and the change had to be made.

“The outside, with the two hollow curves joining the transepts with the nave, and the two different sized domes, would probably have been disappointing ; but one speaks with

diffidence, for this was Sir Christopher's favorite design, the St. Paul's which he told his son he would most cheerfully have accomplished. When the time came for working out the design, it is very likely that he would have remedied many of the defects which critical eyes now see in the model; but no such opportunity ever came. Preparations were indeed made, in May, 1674, for a building after this design; but the clergy were startled by the novelty of the plan, the circular choir, and the absence of aisles, and the architect was compelled to give up his cherished scheme. Several designs, none equal to the first, were produced by Sir Christopher, the large central dome appearing in each of them. Upon this feature he had determined, even in the days before the fire, when the old pointed choir still stood.

“At length Wren grew weary of criticism and showed his designs no more to the

public. King Charles decided on one, and issued a warrant for its erection, stating that the duty on coal amounted to a considerable sum, and saying :

“ ‘ Among the designs we have particularly pitched on one, as well because we find it very artificial, proper, and useful, as because it was so ordered that it might be built and finished by parts.’ The east end was to be begun first. Liberty was left to Wren ‘ to make some variations, rather ornamental than essential, as from time to time he should see proper,’ and the whole was left to his management.

“ This design is wholly unlike the present cathedral, and is inferior to any of Wren’s other buildings. ‘ Artificial,’ in the modern sense of the word, it undoubtedly is. The west end much resembles St. Paul’s as Inigo Jones left it, and is poor and flat ; there is a low, flat dome, then a lantern, with ribbed vaulting, surmounted by a spire something

like St. Bride's, but thin and ungraceful. One feels that Wren must have been disgusted with the design when finished, and could only have done such a thing at a time when his genius was rebuked and harassed by vexatious limitations and interference. Accepted, however, the design was, and Wren, provided with funds, and ordered to begin, shook off the fetters which had so cramped him, and by a series of alterations, which certainly reversed the king's order, being essential rather than ornamental, he by degrees worked out the plan of the beautiful St. Paul's which is the crown of London.

“No objection seems to have been raised to these changes.

“He had a large staff of workmen under him, and an assistant surveyor, John Oliver, who directed the workmen, measured the masons' work, bought in materials, and examined the accounts ; a clerk of the works,

Laurence Spencer, who overlooked the men, saw that they did their work as directed, and made up the accounts; each of these was paid £100 a year, half as much as the salary of the architect himself; a clerk of the cheque, Thomas Russel, who called over the laborers three times a day, and kept them to their business. Besides these, there was the master-mason, Thomas Strong, the master-builder of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, frequently employed by Wren, and the master-carpenter, Richard Jennings; all were carefully chosen, and were devoted to Sir Christopher, whose great genius, gentle disposition, and steady, equable mind, made him much beloved and respected.

“On June 21, 1675, the first stone of St. Paul's was laid by Sir Christopher and his master-mason, not by King Charles, as is sometimes said.”

The year 1710 arrived and found Wren laying the last stone of the building.

St. Paul's, The King's Visit to Wren

From painting by Seymour Lucas



“All London had poured forth for the spectacle, which had been publicly announced, and were looking up in wonder to the old man . . . who was on that wondrous height setting the seal, as it were, to his august labors. If in that wide circle which his eye might embrace there were various objects for regret and disappointment ; if, instead of beholding the various streets of the city, each converging to its centre, London had sprung up and spread in irregular labyrinths of close, dark, intricate lanes ; if even his own cathedral was crowded upon and jostled by mean and unworthy buildings ; yet, on the other hand, he might survey, not the cathedral only, but a number of stately churches which had risen at his command and taken form and dignity from his genius and skill. On one side, the picturesque steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow ; on the other, the exquisite tower of St. Bride's, with all its graceful, gradually diminishing

circles, not yet shorn of its full and finely proportioned height. Beyond, and on all sides, if more dimly seen, yet discernible by his partial eyesight (he might even penetrate to the inimitable interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook), church after church, as far as St. Dunstan's - in - the - East, perhaps Greenwich, may have been vaguely made out in the remote distance; and all this one man had been permitted to conceive and execute — a man not originally destined or educated for an architect, but compelled, as it were, by the public necessities to assume the office, and so to fulfil it as to stand on a level with the most consummate masters of the art in Europe, and to take his stand on an eminence which his English successors almost despair of attaining. . . . Once a year it was his habit to be driven to London, and to sit for awhile under the dome of his own cathedral. On one of these journeys he caught a cold, and soon afterward, on February 25, 1723,

his servant, thinking Sir Christopher slept longer after dinner than was his wont, came into the room, and found his master dead in his chair, with an expression of perfect peace on the calm features.

“They buried him near his daughter in the southeast crypt of St. Paul’s, by one of the windows, under a plain marble slab, with this inscription: ‘Here lieth Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of St. Paul’s, etc., who died in the year of our Lord MDCCXXIII., and of his age XCI.’

“The spite of those who had hampered his genius in life showed itself again after his death. The famous inscription, written by his son, ‘*Subtus conditur hujus Ecclesiæ et Urbis Conditor Christophorus Wren, qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta, non sibi, sed bono publico. Lector, si Monumentum requiris, circumspice,*’ was placed in the crypt, and in the cathedral itself there was nothing to preserve the memory of its architect.

“This has in later years been remedied, and the inscription is now in gold letters over the door of the north transept. Some of Sir Christopher’s plans have, as has been shown, been executed ; and further, the cathedral has been set in green turf, and all around it is cared for instead of neglected, the once empty campanile is filled by twelve bells, whose music floats down over the roar of London, as if out of the sky itself, and the dome is filled by vast congregations in the way which Sir Christopher almost foresaw.

“In the cathedral his memory is cherished ; but in the city of London, which he rebuilt from its ashes, no statue has been erected to him, no great street has been honored by taking as its own the name of Christopher Wren, though a name —

“‘On fame’s eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.’”

In our picture Wren leans upon the plan spread on a half-carved capital, while Charles

II. stands beside him, and turns to address some member of the group accompanying him. In this group the artist has portrayed the Duke of York, John Evelyn, Pepys the diarist, and Grinling Gibbons, the famous carver, whose beautiful work is so often met with in the buildings designed by Wren.

John Seymour Lucas, who painted this canvas of the Merry Monarch's visit to Wren, was born in 1849, and received his art education in the schools of the Royal Academy. His "Fleeced," a picture of a young heir who has been robbed of his patrimony by card sharpers, made a hit in 1876. Since then his successes have been numerous. They include "Intercepted Despatches," "The Gordon Riots," "The Armada in Sight" (the two last belong to the gallery of Sydney, N. S. W.), "After Sedgemoor," "Charles I. before Gloucester," "A 'Whip' for Van Tromp," "The Latest Scandal," and "The Surrender." "After Cul-

loden" is in the National Gallery of British Art, and among the frescoes in the Royal Exchange, Seymour Lucas is represented by "William the Conqueror Granting the Charter to the Citizens of London." He was elected a full member of the Royal Academy in 1898.

HOGARTH

IN the autumn of 1748, the "Juvenal of Painting" made that brief but memorable visit to France, during which, some of his biographers assert, he met with a mishap which came near cutting his career short, and depriving us of the excellent work which he afterward produced. Nichols says that Hogarth was arrested at Calais, while sketching the gate of the town, and taken before the governor, who assured him that, had not the peace (of Aix la Chapelle) been actually signed, he should have been obliged to hang him forthwith upon the ramparts as a spy.

The painter's own account of the affair makes no mention of the danger of such a serious termination of the episode. He related it thus :

“The next print I engraved was the ‘Roast Beef of Old England’ (published March 6, 1749), which took its rise from a visit I paid to France the preceding year. The first time an Englishman goes from Dover to Calais, he must be struck with the different face of things at so little a distance. A farcical pomp of war, pompous parade of religion, and much bustle with very little business. To sum up all, poverty, slavery, and innate insolence, covered with an affectation of politeness, give you even here a true picture of the manners of the whole nation ; nor are the priests less opposite to those of Dover, than the two shores. The friars are dirty, sleek, and solemn ; the soldiery are lean, ragged, and tawdry ; and as to the fishwomen — their faces are absolute leather.

“As I was sauntering about and observing them, near the gate which it seems was built by the English when the place was in our possession, I remarked some appearance of the arms of England on the front. By this and idle curiosity, I was prompted to make a sketch of it, which being observed, I was taken into custody; but not attempting to cancel any of my sketches or memorandums, which were found to be merely those of a painter for his private use, without any relation to fortification, it was not thought necessary to send me back to Paris. I was only closely confined to my own lodgings, till the wind changed for England; where I no sooner arrived, than I set about the picture. Made the gate my background, and in one corner introduced my own portrait, which has generally been thought a correct likeness, with the soldier's hand upon my shoulder. By the fat friar who stops the lean cook that is sinking under the weight of a vast sirloin

Hogarth at Calais

From painting by William Powell Frith



of beef, and two of the military bearing off a great kettle of *soupe maigre*, I meant to display to my own countrymen the striking difference between the food, priests, soldiers, etc., of two nations so contiguous, that in a clear day one coast may be seen from the other. The melancholy and miserable Highlander, browsing on his scanty fare, consisting of a bit of bread and an onion, is intended for one of the many that fled from this country after the rebellion."

"Besides the figures Hogarth mentions," says Austin Dobson, "there are, to the left of the picture, a pair of basket-women, who are making merry over the resemblance to a human face which a sufficiently 'leathern' fishwife has discovered in a skate she holds in her lap. But the artist has cleverly suggested a fact of which possibly they themselves are ignorant, and that is the strong similarity between this face and their own weather-beaten features. In the representa-

tion of the two sentinels he has given full value to the 'ragged and tawdry' element in the French soldiers. One has paper ruffles, on which the words 'Grand Monarch, P' are plainly legible; his smallclothes are fastened by a skewer, and he has a large hole in his gaiter. Opposite, his equally famished and tattered companion spills his skillet of soup from sheer bewilderment at the goodly English fare. Next to this personage is the squinting and stunted figure of an Irish mercenary, to whose national bravery the painter has paid a compliment by giving him a bullet-hole through his hat. In the background, through the gate, a priest is carrying the Host to a sick person, and the people fall on their knees as it passes. The fat Franciscan was a portrait of Pine, the engraver of St. Martin's Lane, who was only moderately gratified with the compliment, as it procured him the nickname of 'Friar Pine.' He endeavored to induce the artist to modify

the likeness, but this Hogarth resolutely refused.

“Though not one of Hogarth’s capital works, ‘Calais Gate,’ in its engraved form, at once became popular, on account of its subject. The starved French sentinel was speedily appropriated as a heading for recruiting advertisements, where he figured in humiliating contrast to a well-fed British volunteer. Besides this, Theodosius Forrest — son of the Forrest who had been Hogarth’s companion in the ‘five days’ tour’ — turned the whole into a cantata, which was headed by a reduced copy of the print. These are the initial lines of this patriotic performance :

“‘Twas at the Gates of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad Despair and Famine always dwells;
A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandsire’s Cook,
As home he steer’d his Carcase, that way took,
Bending beneath the weight of famed Sir-loin
On whom he often wish’d in vain to dine.
Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye,

Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd.' ”

Hogarth's picture of “Calais Gate” now belongs to the British nation, having been presented to the National Gallery by the Duke of Westminster, in 1895. By a curious coincidence, this was the year in which the old gate was at last demolished. In 1891 the picture had been sold in London for £2,572, the record price for a Hogarth up to that time.

William Powell Frith, the Royal Academician who painted “Hogarth at Calais,” was once “the most widely popular painter of his day” — “his day” being supposed to mean the sixth and seventh decades of the nineteenth century. In 1854 he won his first great success with “Ramsgate Sands;” in 1858 came the “Derby Day;” in 1862, the “Railway Station;” and in 1865 his “Marriage of the Prince of Wales,” painted for the queen, was completed.

Born in 1819, Mr. Frith sent his first picture to the Royal Academy in 1840, and he was also represented there in 1900. The sixty years that lie between these dates have seen many works from his industrious and able hand, and "Hogarth before the Governor of Calais," exhibited in 1851, is not one of the least meritorious. The painter is a warm admirer of Hogarth, and may indeed be said to be himself a milder Hogarth — witness his series of monitory pictures, entitled "The Road to Ruin," and "The Race for Wealth."

Note in Mr. Frith's "Hogarth at Calais" the painter's dog, Trump, at his heels, as, sketch-book in hand, he seeks to justify himself to the governor. Excellent character, too, is displayed in that dignitary's old clerk, pen in mouth. The Englishman between the friar and the soldier, and the one who, holding out a paper to the governor, is bidden to stand back, are intended for two friends of

Hogarth, who accompanied him on his trip to France.

REYNOLDS

AFTER Reynolds, then a young man of twenty-nine, returned from his long tour on the Continent, he opened his first London studio, with his younger sister, Frances, as housekeeper. This was in St. Martin's Lane, a favorite resort of artists, in a house which survived the great portrait-painter for nearly a century, but which has now vanished before the "march of improvement." Sir Joshua's second abode in London was at 5 Great Newport Street, not far from St. Martin's Lane, — all his London residences were within five minutes' walk of each other, — and here he painted portraits of the Duchess of Hamilton and the Countess of Coventry, formerly the beautiful Miss Gunning. Some of his best work was done about this period, which was his busiest and

most lucrative time, and it is said that in 1758 he had as many as one hundred and fifty sitters in the course of the year.

Early in 1760 Reynolds moved to Leicester Square, where he leased a mansion for forty-seven years for £1,650, in addition to £1,500, which he had to pay for a gallery and painting-rooms, not only for himself but for the use of his pupils and assistants. To the expense of this new establishment was added a fine carriage, gilded and decorated, which the artist now set up. These large outlays consumed nearly all his savings, so it is not strange that he raised his prices for heads, half-lengths, and full-lengths to twenty-five, fifty, and a hundred guineas, respectively.

Though the Leicester Square house still stands, interior alterations have done away with Sir Joshua's painting-room. The Royal Academy owns his sitter's chair, also the easel, of mahogany and elaborately carved, given to

the artist by his friend Mason, the poet. Reynolds always stood up while painting, and usually worked from eleven till four o'clock.

Miss Gerard has written an interesting paper upon Sir Joshua's models.

She says: "Again, with women of a different class, how well he conveys *their* lack of dignity, and yet gives them all their wonderful fascinations; as, for instance, in his portrait of the capricious, wilful favorite of the public, Mrs. Abingdon. The hoydenish simplicity of the actress is well depicted in the Saltram picture of her as Miss Prue, with her arms leaning on the back of a chair and her thumb upon her lips. It is a masterpiece, and happily is in excellent preservation. Mrs. Abingdon was a great favorite with Sir Joshua, but she was not one of his models. From his note-books we find Nelly O'Brien and Kitty Fisher were his principal sitters. He painted Nelly in different attitudes, many times; perhaps not

quite so often as Kitty, whom he seemed to have preferred. Perhaps the most beautiful of Nelly is the one in the Hertford collection, which was painted in 1763 and was exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition in 1857. It represents her in full sunlight, in an attitude of lazy enjoyment, sitting with her hands crossed, a pet spaniel on her knee. Her voluptuous face, raised as if at the approach of one she has been watching for, is lit up under the shade of the flat Woffington hat by the reflected lights from her dress, a quilted rose-colored slip with lace over it, a black lace apron and mantilla, and a sacque of striped blue silk. . . .

“Her rival, Kitty Fischer, or Fisher, disputed with her the post of Sir Joshua’s favorite model. Kitty’s name is constantly recurring in the note-books of the painter. She was a German by birth, her father being a cabinet-maker in Ovenden Street, while her uncle played the hautboy at the Opera House.

Kitty, like Nelly O'Brien, began by being an actress, but soon gave up the profession. She was brought to Sir Joshua's studio by his friend Keppel, and from that time she was his constant model for many years.

"In his pocket-book for 1759 is the date of the first sitting — Sunday, April 9th. This appointment with Miss Fisher is in Sir Joshua's handwriting; the next appointment is in a different one, — Mr. Cotton conjectures the lady's, — and there is an N. B.: 'Miss Fisher's picture is for Sir Charles Bingham.' Kitty was what was called a 'Huckaback Beauty;' she was less handsome, but more *dangerously* fascinating than Nelly O'Brien. There were seven portraits of her by Sir Joshua. Of these, perhaps, the most beautiful for coloring and delicious languor of repose is 'Cleopatra Dissolving the Pearl,' which he painted for his great friend, Mr. Parker of Saltram, afterward Lord Morley, in whose collection it is.

“It is a curious fact that in all her portraits Kitty looks the same age, and all are equally lovely, ‘Simplicity’ being, perhaps, the least satisfactory. Here she has one dove on her lap, another on her knee. There is an affected air of steadiness belied by the sly look in the eyes, and which does not sit well upon a lady of Miss Fisher’s vivacity. One can hardly acquit the artist of a touch of irony toward his favorite. Leslie says, ‘The lady looks as innocent as her doves, as no doubt she could look if she so pleased.’ It is, however, an admirable picture, and was very popular.

“At Petworth there is a quaint and lovely portrait of her, with her arms crossed upon a letter which lies before her. Upon the paper fold is written: ‘June 9th, 1759. My dear Kitty Fisher.’

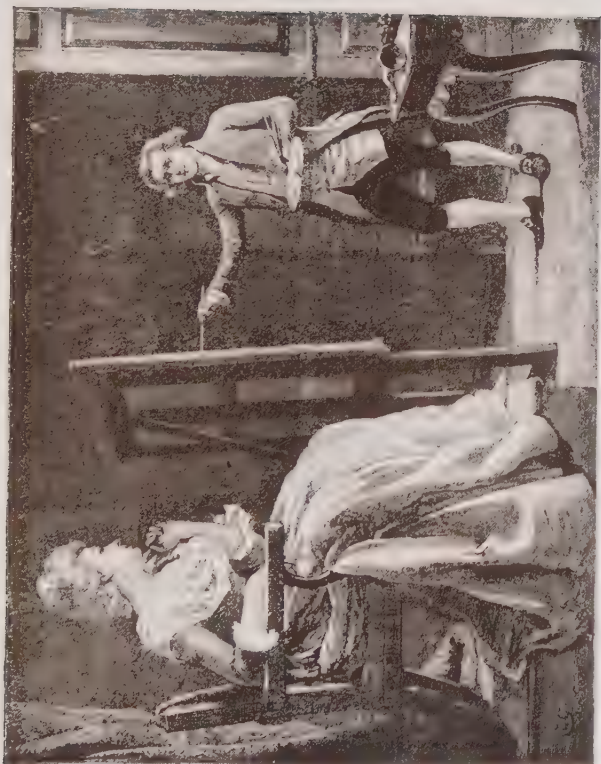
“Another portrait of her is in the Lansdowne Gallery, with a parrot on her finger. The loveliest of all, however, is an unfinished

head in powder and fly-cap, done for Lord Carysfort. This is the last one of her, for in 1767 she became Mrs. Norris, having succeeded in inducing a young gentleman of good family to marry her, and from this time she disappeared from the note-books.

“Kitty, unlike her rival, Nelly, was well educated, and had many attractions, being, Mr. Leslie says, ‘A very agreeable, genteel person. She was the essence of small talk and the magazine of temporary anecdote; add to this, she spoke French with great fluency, and was mistress of a most uncommon share of spirits. It was impossible to be dull in her company, as she would ridicule her own foibles rather than want a subject for raillery. Her constant companion, Miss Summers, afterward Mrs. Skeyne, whom she introduced into all her parties, was another great source of entertainment, as this lady was not only a professed satirist, but a woman of learning and an excellent compan-



Sir Joshua Reynolds Painting a Portrait
From painting by Charles Green



ion.' . . . Another sitter to Sir Joshua was the beautiful Miss Morris, who sat for one of his loveliest creations, 'Hope Nursing Love.' It was exhibited at the first exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1769. The picture, which is in the Bowood Gallery, has kept its color better than almost any of Sir Joshua's.

"The story of the young lady who sat for this beautiful picture is somewhat pathetic. She was the daughter of Mr. Valentine Morris, governor of one of the West Indian Islands. On his death, his widow with her four children came to England in great poverty, and Sir Joshua, who had known them in better days, took the liveliest interest in the family. It was thought that if she adopted the stage as a profession, her beauty and grace might ensure her success. When, through Sir Joshua's interest, she appeared at Covent Garden, in November, 1768, as Juliet, her friends mustered in great force to

support her through the ordeal. Sir Joshua was there, and Johnson and Goldsmith, between the Jessamy Bride and Little Comedy, but even their friendly faces could not inspire the poor girl with any courage. She could not utter a word, and was obliged to retreat ignominiously. No entreaties could induce her to appear again. Her failure, however, preyed upon her, and she died soon after of rapid consumption.

“For his ‘Venus,’ which was one of the best of his mythological pictures, Sir Joshua employed as his model a very beautiful girl of sixteen, the daughter of his man servant, Ralph. Mason, describing his visit to the studio, remarks :

“‘I have said that Sir Joshua always had a living archetype before him whenever he painted what was not a mere portrait. In this practice he imitated Guido, who would make a common porter sit to him for a Madonna, merely to have that nature before

him from which he might depart. So, in this instance of the "Venus." When I saw the picture on the easel, he was finishing the head, a young girl, her flaxen hair flowing on her shoulders, sitting opposite to him. When next I came, he was painting the body, and in his sitting-chair was a beggar woman with a nude child, not above a year old, on her knee. As may be imagined, I could not help expressing my astonishment at seeing him paint the carnation of the Goddess of Beauty from such an unhealthy-looking model, but he answered that, 'whatever I might think, the child's flesh assisted him in giving a certain morbidezza to his own coloring, which he thought he could not arrive at had he not such an object before his eyes.'

"We come now to the most celebrated model of her day — that extraordinary woman, Emma Harte, or Lyon, afterward the Lady Hamilton. Although she did sit to Sir Joshua twice, she was not a favorite

model of his, neither was he successful in the one portrait he has left of her. Romney caught the laughing devil in her wonderful eyes; Sir Joshua escaped it.

“It is not easy to say whether the Miss Kelly whose name appears so often in Sir Joshua’s note-books was paid for her sittings to the artist, for she, like Miss Morris, had a father in bad circumstances. Miss Kelly was remarkably handsome, and had the honor of attracting for some time the wandering fancy of Dean Swift. Mrs. Delany, in her letters to Miss Bushe, talks of the conquest ‘Pretty Kelly has made of the dean. He is in love with her *at present*.’

“In his latter days a niece of Sir Joshua, Miss Theophila Palmer, the ‘Offey’ of the note-books, and who was to him as a daughter, sat constantly for his fancy sketches, more especially for those in which girlish archness is the dominant expression, such as the ‘Strawberry Girl’ and the ‘Laughing

Girl ;' there is also a Miss Jones, who sat occasionally, and the unfortunate Emily Coventry, who sat for the picture of 'Thais ;' with her ends the list of Sir Joshua's female models."

The late Charles Green, an admirable English artist in black and white and water-color, drew the picture of Sir Joshua at work, which we reproduce. Green, who was born in 1840 and died in 1898, made many excellent illustrations to Dickens, and was one of the foremost among the able band of artists who worked on the *Graphic*. To the Royal Academy he contributed, among other works, "A Consultation," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "A Choice Vintage," and "A Fleet Marriage."

PAJOU

WITH all her faults Madame du Barry was, according to a late biographer, far from being as black as she was painted.

At all events, she appears to have possessed some taste in literature, possibly, also, in art. Her books included translations of Shakespeare, Robertson's "History of Charles V.," Bishop Burnet, and Sir John Mandeville; the memoirs of Brantôme, Bassompierre, and D'Angoulême; lives of Turenne and Marshal Saxe; the travels of Chardin, Kemper, and La Condamine; the "Golden Ass," Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus. She chose to have her portrait painted by Drouais, her bust modelled by Pajou, and works by both these artists, with others by Fragonard, Restout, Vassé, and Lecomte, decorated her villa at Louveciennes.

The spacious and richly decorated salon

shown in M. Cain's picture contains a brilliant company of courtiers and fashionables, not forgetting some representatives of the Church, who are watching the sculptor at work on a bust of the reigning favorite of Louis "the Well-beloved." Madame du Barry sits on a dais with her negro page, Zamor, at her feet, while an abbé beguiles the tedium of the pose by reading. The superb marble bust now in the Louvre, which was the result of these sittings, is one of the happiest efforts of Pajou, who was especially fortunate in his portraits of women. It was modelled in his prime, in 1773, the year before the death of the king, and a score of years before the head of Du Barry fell beneath the stroke of the guillotine.

The sculptor, more fortunate than his lovely sitter, escaped any danger which may have menaced him during the Terror because of royal patronage, and lived until 1809.

Augustin Pajou was born at Paris in 1730,

and manifested such a decided talent for sculpture that he was placed at an early age under the teaching of Le Moyne. His progress was so rapid that he won the grand prize of the Academy when only eighteen years of age. On returning from a stay of a dozen years in Rome, he soon gained reputation and success, and in 1767 was appointed professor of sculpture in the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris.

His statue of Psyche is in the Louvre, and numerous decorative sculptures from his hand may be seen in the palace at Versailles. He executed the monument to Marie Lezczinska, queen of Louis XV., a group of "Pluto Holding Cerberus in Chains," and another of a "Bacchante with Infants," and statues of Pascal, Descartes, Turenne, Bossuet, and Fénelon.

A bronze medal was awarded at the Paris Exposition of 1889 to Georges Cain, who exhibited there, among other works, this picture

Pajou Modelling a Bust of Madame du Barry
From painting by Georges J. A. Cain



of Pajou modelling the Du Barry. Cain, who first drew breath in Paris in 1856, studied under Cabanel and Detaille. He has painted "A Barricade in 1830" (this picture was sent by him to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893), "A Quarrel at the Café de la Rotonde," "Napoleon after his Abdication," "A Marriage under the Directory," "A Bulletin from the Army of Italy," and "Le Bust de Marat aux piliers des halles." Some years ago, the post of director of the Musée Carnavelet being vacant, it fortunately occurred to the authorities to appoint Georges Cain to the place, and the result was satisfactory in the highest degree.

CARPEAUX

SELDOM does the art of a nation suffer such loss within the space of a year as befell France in 1875, when she was deprived of Millet, of Corot, of Barye, and of Carpeaux.

It would be too presumptuous to claim for the last-named artist an equal rank with the painter of the "Sower," or the "Orpheus," or the sculptor of the "Lion Walking," yet Carpeaux, too, was a genius — a genius whom poverty and misfortune followed through a life of only forty-seven years to a painful death.

His friend and biographer, Ernest Chesneau, wrote: "It is said that the poet is born, not made; so too is the sculptor. Not perhaps the maker of pretty statuettes or portrait-busts of varying value in resemblance, but the monumental statuary like Carpeaux must feel the divine essence coursing like the life-blood through his veins. Think, too, of the physical force required! So much, at least, was the dowry of Carpeaux at his birth. Almost from his infancy accustomed to familiar contact with the instruments of his father's labor, he naturally and easily acquired the muscular force, the rude strength,

which the execution of monumental statuary demands. To the boy whose hands were covered with callosities formed by swinging the heavy hammer of the mason in the stone-quarry, the mallet of the sculptor seemed light. To the peasant accustomed to a hard life, unrelieved by luxurious hours of repose, or the enjoyment of a home glowing with objects of color and of beauty, the gloomy adjuncts of the sculptor's studio were not so repellent as they would be to you and me. Outside of the chilling horrors of the interior of a morgue I can fancy no room more cold and vacant than the studio of a statuary, — icy cold always, in spite of the stove heated white in all seasons, remote from the centres, vast, bare of all furniture save that which the execution of the work in hand demands, illumined coldly by the freezing northern light which scantily falls on long lines of plaster-casts more or less broken and deformed, and black with the thousand dusts of years, irreg-

ularly hung about on the otherwise bare walls. In the centre of the room, amid modelling-stands, scaffoldings, ladders, stools, pails full of water, iron bars intended for supports to the heaviest pieces, mallets, hammers, files, chisels, gouges, iron tools and wooden tools of every shape and size, rises a mass of earth half enveloped in wet cloths, whose dampness must be constantly renewed as it evaporates in rheumatisms, or else a huge piece of stone or cube of marble, now shedding a penetrating powder into the lungs of those about, now scattering in gigantic chips under the terrific blows of the workmen. The whole atmosphere is gray and cold ; there is not one joy for the eyes, not a note of color, not a ray of sun. The sculptor would be only a stone-cutter were not his stone-cutting an art, — an art which demands for its pursuit the most irresistible sense of vocation. The hours of pain and anxiety are fairly uncountable. They exist during the

Carpeaux

From painting by Albert Maignan



execution of the work in every step, beginning with those during which the master models Beauty in the damp clay, that resisting, cold, and unlovely matter. And when the clay is finished and Beauty is just born, the torture increases. The chrysalis must pass through a second obscure and painful stage, must traverse another narrow and gloomy prison, — that of the plaster, a heavy, opaque, and compact sheath, which, though white, is entirely lacking in luminosity. Life has to be buried in this shroud. With what anguish must the artist suffer these slow transformations, these imitations which are but the heavy grimace of his ideal! His sovereign invention has designed an expression of his thought in the snowy transparency of marble or the brilliancy of bronze; but previously he must endure the anxious ordeal of the preliminaries, the cataleptic states from which so many gods and demigods have emerged only to be flung back with scorn

into the lime-quarries from which they sprang. Viewing all the difficulties which surround it, it is indeed not too much to assert that sculpture is one of the noblest manifestations of human intelligence. That from an inert mass, a brutal thing, a blind, deaf, and dumb material without internal life, a Phidias, a Michael Angelo, a Carpeaux — a mere man, in fact, — should evoke a whole world of sensations and thoughts; that from a block of stone he should create a type of perfect beauty, — is not this a proof of the divinity of our essence? The victorious element which renders these men masters of the clay in which they work is mind; the spirit, the vital spark, — a force superior to earthliness, sublime, divine. Call this power what you will, it matters little. It is the soul, the immortality within us, which dominates the brute resistance of exterior phenomena and overcomes the constant hostility of the materiality which surrounds us, which, with a skill truly

godlike, from a shapeless aggregation of molecules — that is, from nothing — makes a glorious something, a masterpiece of art, a statue.

“To make statues,—that from earliest infancy was Carpeaux’s dream.”

The statues have been made, and Carpeaux dreams for the last time, dying in the great studio now no longer bare, but peopled with the visionary shapes of his masterpieces. In its centre rises the group of the four quarters of the globe from the Luxembourg fountain ; on the left smiles the joyous relief of the “Triumph of Flora,” and on the other side palpitates the famous “Dance.” One of its women detaches herself for an instant from the dancing chain, and stoops to print a kiss on the expiring sculptor’s brow, while blossoms fall around him from the hand of Europe.

Fortune, love, and health have left Carpeaux, but fame and these — the works so

dear to the artist-soul which wrought them — are his forever.

Maignan's poetic conception of Carpeaux is in the Luxembourg gallery, together with his "Dante Meeting Matilda." Born in 1844, and taught by Luminais, Maignan won success long since. His "Departure of the Norman Fleet for the Conquest of England" was bought by the nation, and a gold medal was awarded him at the Exposition of 1889. "The Birth of the Pearl," "Voices of the Tocsin," "The Sleep of Fra Angelico," "Frederic Barbarossa at the Feet of the Pope," "Louis IX. Consoling a Leper," and "William the Conqueror" are some of the works which have given to Maignan a deserved reputation.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

KING CHRISTIAN IX. of Denmark completed his twenty-fifth year of sovereignty in 1888, and a Danish National Exhibition was held that year at Copenhagen, to celebrate the auspicious anniversary. A wealthy and generous Dane, Carl Jacobsen, who has given a splendid gallery of sculpture to the city of Copenhagen, desired that French artists should be represented at the Exhibition, and had a special pavilion built at his own expense for the proper display of their works. Later he commissioned Kroyer, a Danish painter of extraordinary merit, to execute a portrait group of the members of the committee which was formed to manage the affair, and it is this picture which we reproduce.

The group contains about thirty portraits in all, the greater part being Frenchmen and artists.

Beginning on the left, we recognize the painter Bonnat in the foremost seated figure turning to speak to the landscape-painter Cazin, who stands with his hand on the back of a chair. The three heads seen behind Cazin (going from left to right) are those of the painters Besnard, Roll, and Gervex, and the man sitting next behind Bonnat is the sculptor Delaplanche. A conspicuous figure in the background is Carolus Duran, the portraitist, a standing figure facing us and smoking a cigarette. The man seated, looking up, is Paul Dubois, the sculptor, and next him is Pasteur, the great chemist, who is examining the plan which Klein, the Danish architect, points out. The men standing behind Dubois and Pasteur are Charles Garnier, the architect of the Paris Opera House, and Herr Jacobsen. Next to Klein is Antonin Proust, the well-known deputy, below whom we see the profile of Puvis de Chavannes. Standing next Proust

The Committee on the Exhibition

From painting by P. S. Kroyer



is Lucien Magne, the architect. The white head on the left of Puvis de Chavannes is that of Gerome, next to him is the sculptor Barrias, next is Chaplain, the medallist, and the man in front of the picture who looks at Bonnat is Falguiere, the sculptor. The two men standing on the extreme right are Tuxen, a Danish artist, and Kroyer, who introduced his own portrait into the group he has so ably realized.

It is scarcely an error to assign the highest rank among the artists in this notable group to Puvis de Chavannes. Boston is indeed fortunate in possessing in her noble public library some superb decorations from the master hand of the great mural painter, who "must take rank with the greatest painters of the century, as one who has achieved great and lasting things, whose aims have always been lofty and noble, and who has borne high the banner of the ideal and the essentially true, at a time when the oppo-

sition was most powerful, and the danger most pressing."

Peter Severin Kroyer was born at Stavanger, in Norway, in 1851, but, being left an orphan at an early age, was taken to Denmark, where he grew up to manhood. After studying at the Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen, he became a pupil of Bonnat in Paris. There he won many honors, including one of the grand prizes at the Exposition of 1889, and a medal of honor at the Exposition of 1900. His most notable pictures are "Skagen Fishermen," "Artists Breakfast at Skagen," "Village Hat-maker: Italy," "Soirée in Karlsberg," and "Summer Day on the Beach at Skagen."

THE END.

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